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WERNER'S

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

NUMBER SIXTEEN

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

FOWLER MERRITT

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MY endeavor has been to compile a collection of recitations that would be suitable for use both in schools and by reciters. For that purpose, only literature of a high order has been chosen, but with as great a variety as possible—dramatic, dialect, humorous, society, and children's pieces. All of the abridgments, with one exception, have been made by me.

My special thanks are due Messrs. John Brisben Walker, Edgar Fawcett, Fred Emerson Brooks, Edgar Saltus, and the other authors whose excellent pieces help to give value to this collection. *F. M.*

WERNER'S
Readings and Recitations
No. 16.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[The scene of the following episode is laid in Central Asia at a time when the Tartars and the Persians are at war. Sohrab is the commander of the Tartars and Rustum the champion of the Persians. Sohrab is Rustum's son, a fact unknown to the latter who believes that his one child is a girl, having been so informed by its mother, who thus forged the lie in order to prevent Rustum from making a warrior out of him. Sohrab, however, knows that Rustum is his father and has been always searching for him. As the epic opens the two armies are encamped opposite each other.]

AND the first gray of morning fill'd the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hush'd, and still the men were plunged in sleep.
Sohrab alone, he slept not; all night long
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;
But when the gray dawn stole into his tent,
He rose and took his horseman's cloak
And went abroad into the cold, wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.
He found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dull'd, for he slept light, an old man's sleep;
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said:
"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn.

Speak! Is there news, or any night-alarm?"
But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said:
"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa! It is I.
Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan first
I came among the Tartars and bore arms,
I still have served Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This, too, thou know'st: That while I still bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,
And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek one man,—one man and one alone—
Rustum, my father, who, I hoped, should greet,
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field,
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hoped, but him I never find.
Come, then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.
Let the two armies rest to-day; and I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man. If I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall—
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin."

And Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his and said:
"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press forever first,
To find a father thou hast never seen?
But, if this one desire indeed rules all,—
To seek out Rustum—seek him not through fight!
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him, for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray;
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,

In Seistan, with Zal, his father old.
Whether that his own mighty strength at last
Feels the abhorr'd approaches of old age;
Or he has quarrel'd with his King, I know not.
There go! Thou wilt not? My heart forebodes
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us; fain, therefore, send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain. But who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening, and who govern Rustum's son?
Go, I will grant thee what thy heart desires."

So said he, and dropp'd Sohrab's hand,
And rais'd the curtain of his tent, and call'd
His herald to his side, and went abroad.
The sun by this had risen and clear'd the fog
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands.
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed
Into the open plain.
And Peran-Wisa with his herald came,
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.
And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
He took his spear, and to the front he came,
And check'd his ranks, and fix'd them where they stood.
And Peran-Wisa came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said:
"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear!
Let there be truce between the hosts to-day;
But choose a champion from the Persian lords
To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man."

As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearlèd ears,
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy,—

So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran,
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.
But, as a troop of pedlars from Cabool,
Crossing the snow-capped Indian Caucasus,
In single file do move, and hold their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows,—
So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

Then Gudurz, a brother-chief to Ferood, said:
"Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,
Yet champion have we none to match this youth.
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits
And sullen, and has pitched his tents apart.
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name;
Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up."
And Ferood stood forth and cried:
"Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said!
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man."

And Peran-Wisa turn'd, and strode
Back through the opening Tartar squadrons to his tent.
But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,
And cross'd the camp which lay behind, and reach'd,
Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tent.
And Gudurz enter'd and found Rustum.
Listless he sate and held a falcon on his wrist,
And play'd with it; but Gudurz came and stood
Before him; and Rustum look'd, and saw him stand,
And with a cry sprang up and dropp'd the bird,
And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said:
"Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight.
What news? but first sit down and eat and drink."
"Not now!" said Gudurz, "to-day has other needs.

The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze;
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion—and thou know'st his name—
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's!
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart,
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,
Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose!"
But Rustum answer'd, with a smile:
"Go to! If Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older; if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely, for he honors younger men,
And lets the aged moulder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young,—
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I;
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?
Ah, would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight, helpless girl I have—
A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-hair'd Zal,
And rest and leave to death all thankless kings."
And Gudurz made reply:
"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all, and thou whom most he seeks
Hidest thy face? Take heed lest men should say:
'Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men.'"
"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame!
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was match'd
In single fight with any mortal man."

And Gudurz turn'd, and ran
Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy,—
Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.
But Rustum strode to his tent door, and call'd
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel. The arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device,
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And from the fluted spine atop, a plume
Of horse-hair waved, a scarlet horse-hair plume.
So arm'd, he issued forth; and Ruksh, his horse,
Followed him like a faithful hound at heel.
And Rustum left his tents, and cross'd
The camp, and to the Persian host appear'd;
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hail'd; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And Sohrab, arm'd in Haman's tent, came forth.
And on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand and cast
His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came,—
This unknown adventurous youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs. Long he perused
His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was,
For very young he seem'd, tenderly rear'd;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight.
And a deep pity enter'd Rustum's soul,
And he beckon'd to him with his hand, and said:
"O thou young man, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be govern'd, quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and fight beneath my banner till I die!
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."
Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum, and he saw

His giant figure, and that head
Streak'd with its first gray hairs, and hope filled his soul,
And he ran forward and embraced his knees,
And clasp'd his hand within his own, and said:
"Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
Art thou not Rustum! Speak! Art thou not he?"
But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turn'd away and spake to his own soul:
"Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean!
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say: 'Rustum is here!'
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way;
And on a feast-tide, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry:
'I challenged, once, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they
Shrank. Only Rustum dared. Then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.'
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud;
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me."

Then he turn'd and sternly spake aloud:
"Rise! Wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast call'd
By challenge forth. Make good thy vaunt, or yield!
It is with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee!
For well I know that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were reveal'd,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this:
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and yield,
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand,
Till Oxus, with his summer floods, wash them all away."

He spoke; and Sohrab answer'd, on his feet:
"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so!
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin! Thou art more vast, more dread than I.
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young,—
But yet success sways with the breath of heaven;
And though thou thinkest that thou know'st sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know,
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall;
Only the event will teach us in its hour."

He spoke, and Rustum answered not, but hurl'd
His spear. Down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk
Drops like a plummet. Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash. The spear
Hiss'd, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide. Then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield; sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turn'd the spear.
Then Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield, and struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand,
And Rustum follow'd his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand.
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum where he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he look'd on and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said:

"Thou strik'st too hard! That club of thine will float
Upon the summer floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth! not wroth am I;
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou say'st thou art not Rustum. Be it so!
Who art thou, then, that canst so touch my soul?
For never was my heart so touch'd before.
O thou old warrior, let us yield to heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are foes enough in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight; fight *them*, when they confront thy spear,
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"

He ceased, but while he spake, Rustum had risen
And stood erect, trembling with rage. His club
He left to lie, but had regain'd his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mail'd right hand
Blazed bright and baleful. Dust had soil'd
His stately crest, his breast heaved, and twice his voice
Was choked with rage. At last, these words broke way:
"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!
Curl'd minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight! Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls with whom thou'rt wont to dance;
But on the Oxus' sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me who make no play
Of war; I fight it out, and hand to hand."
He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he, too, drew his sword. At once they rush'd
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west. Their shields
Dash'd with a clang together, and a din

Rose, such as that the sinewy wood-cutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees—such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hail'd.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In the unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in heaven, and dark'd the sun;
The wind rose, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they alone;
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And laboring breath. First Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach the skin,
And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horse-hair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
And Rustum bow'd his head. But then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful cry,—
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pain'd desert-lion, who all day
Has trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand.
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as he cross'd his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rush'd on
And struck again, and again Rustum bow'd
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on his helm,
And in his hand the hilt remain'd alone.
Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted: "Rustum!" Sohrab heard that shout,

And shrank amazed. Back he recoil'd one step,
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form;
And then he stood bewilder'd, and he dropp'd
His covering shield,—and the spear pierced his side.
He reel'd, and staggering back, sank to the ground.
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair,
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began:
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent;
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go,
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!"
And with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied:
"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I match'd with ten such men as thee,
And I were that which till to-day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that beloved name unnerved my arm—
That name and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfix'd an unarm'd foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear:
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,

He shall avenge my death, and punish thee! "
And with a cold, incredulous voice, Rustum said:
"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son."
"Ah, yes, he had! and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be?
Oh, could I live till I that grief have seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, as her,
My mother, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honor, when the war is done.
But a dark rumor will be bruited up:
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more;
But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far-distant Oxus, he was slain."
And as he ceased, he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left and his own death.
Nor yet did Rustum hold it was his son
Who spoke, although he call'd back names he knew;
For he had had sure tidings that the babe
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all,—
So that sad mother had sent word to him lest
Rustum should seek the boy to train in arms.
And so Rustum deem'd that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son;
Or that men gave it him to swell his fame.
So deem'd he; yet he listened, plunged in thought.
"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved!
Yet thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false—thou art not Rustum's son;
For Rustum had no son; one child he had—
But one—a girl, who with her mother now

Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us."
But Sohrab, rising sternly on one arm, replied:
"Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, prick'd upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore."
He spoke; and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks,
And his knees totter'd, and he smote his hand
Agains his breast, his heavy mailèd hand,
That the hard, iron corselet clank'd aloud;
And to his heart he press'd the other hand,
And in a hollow voice, he spake and said:
"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie!
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."
Then, with weak, hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm.
And show'd a sign in faint vermilion points
Prick'd,—the sign of Rustum's seal.
And Sohrab touch'd it with his hand and said:
"How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"

But Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless; and then he utter'd one sharp cry:
"O boy—thy father!"—and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips,
And with fond, faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life; and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror. Then he clutch'd his sword,
To draw it, and forever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spake, and said:

"Father, forbear! for I but meet to-day
The doom which at my birth was written down.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke, too,
I know it! but fate trod these promptings down.
But let us speak no more of this! I find
My father; let me feel that I have found!
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say: 'My son!'
Quick, quick! for numbered are my sands of life."
And his voice released the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth. He cast
His arms round his son's neck, wept aloud, and kiss'd him.
Then, with a heavy groan, Rustum bewail'd:
"Oh, that great Oxus were flowing over me!
Oh, that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!"
But with a grave, mild voice, Sohrab replied:
"Desire not that, my father, thou must live;
For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscured, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age;
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come! thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these!
They follow'd me, my hope, my fame, my star.
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seistan,
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and cry:
'Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill!'

And I be not forgotten in my grave."
And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied:
"Fear not! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be." And Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flow'd with the stream. His head droop'd low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay,—
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep, heavy gasps quivering through all his frame,
Convulsed him back to life, he open'd them,
And fixed them feebly on his father's face;
Till all his strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away.

And night came down over the solemn waste,
Both armies moved to camp and took their meal,—
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

Pronunciations: Sohrab, Sō′-räb; Rūs′-tūm; Peran-Wisa, a Tartar chief, Pā′-răn-Wē′-să; Ader-baijan, a northern province of Persia, Äd-ĕr-bī-jän′; Afrasiab, king of the Tartars, Ă-frä′-sē-äb; Zäl; Fĕ-rood′; Goo′-durz; Iran, Ē′rän; Ruksh, Rŭks; Samaracand, Säm′-ar-känd.

"Do you know, mamma, I don't believe Solomon was so rich after all?" observed a boy to his mother, who prided herself on her orthodoxy.

"My child!" she exclaimed, in pious horror, "what does the Bible say?"

"That's just it," he answered. "It says that 'Solomon slept with his fathers.' Now, surely, if he had been rich he'd have had a bed to himself.'

A CHRISTMAS-EVE REDEMPTION.

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

'TWAS Christmas eve. The frost lay on the road,
And moonlight smote with silver all the fields
Around the gable-ends of an old house
That stood alone beyond the village street;
Alone, unvisited by priest, or friend,
Shunn'd as plague stricken, while its casements flashed
From their blue diamonds not one welcoming light
To the wayfarer. All was dark within;
Dark without hope,—save that the clear, white moon
Shone, like God's truth, upon the good and ill
That the room held, wherein a sinful man
Lay dying. On one side his bed, there stood
A woman, who had journeyed here in haste,
Flush'd, as the marble statue may be flush'd
By wrathful torchlight. On the other knelt
A creature, shaken in her dumb despair,
Crush'd, tear-stain'd. He had been untrue to both,—
Untrue to vows he pledged unto the one
Before the altar,—pledged for weight of gold—
Untrue to honor, lying, while he loved
The other one, betrayed.
The impartial moon
Lit the thin outline of the unloved wife,
Hard, upright, just, and touched the head, bow'd low
Of her who knelt; and made a halo round
A gold-hair'd child, who played upon the floor,
With strings of daisies. O'er the wasted face
Of him who lay a-dying, it fell full,
As on an open book wherein was writ
Remorse; no coward dread of punishment
For self, but a great fear for those
He left behind, whose ruin he had wrought.

Then spake the wife to her who knelt, "Go forth!
My place is here, beside my dying lord—
Whom God hath join'd, let no man put asunder."
The woman gave an inarticulate cry;
The child, unconscious, wove its chain of stars.
"Oh, pardon,—pardon!" moaned the hapless one.
"I wronged you—yes! but knew not all the wrong.
I ask your mercy, as I ask for Christ's.
He who forgave a sinner once, like me,
Perhaps *He* will not shut me out!"
"*I* do,"
The wife replied. "We cannot both stay here.
The house is mine. You took my husband's love.
His soul—his body—all belong to you.
My home made desolate—my reverence lost,
My faith destroy'd in man. Loveless, alone,
No baby-blossom at my breast, have I
Toiled on. Your deed! Living, he was all yours;
Dead, he is mine. Mine now the right to close
The eyes that never yet have look'd with joy
Into mine eyes, as they have into yours!
Why do I claim that right? Why am I come?
Because I would redeem him yet,—save him
From passing hence, with unrepented sin."

Then gasped the dying man, "I do repent
The more, because I see her agony.
Mine, only mine, the sin—not hers—not hers!
She knew not I was wed. She gave her life—
She, a mere child—into my keeping. Now,
It is in yours. Be merciful to her.
Thrust her not out. You, blameless, holy, pure,
Since all is past, and sin outlives not life,
Will you not stoop to lift the fallen up?"
"Sin *doth* outlive life," she, in haste, replied.
"There is the child—not mine, but hers. And yet,
I would not harm it, nor its mother. So,

If poor lip-pardon that can never reach
The inner heart of wrongs suffice to soothe
Your dying hour, 'tis yours,—'tis hers. But let
Her presence here no more distract your thoughts
From Heaven, nor outrage me, your wife."
At once,
That frail young creature, white as drifted snow,
Trembling, arose. "The right is yours." She bowed
Her head. "O love! loved only here too well,
We part, but not for long—stricken unto death
Am I, and shall not linger far behind.
Only"—and here her voice broke down—"the child—
To leave him motherless,—without a friend!"
Suddenly, voices from the village choir,
Singing from house to house their Christmas song,
Rose in the frosty night, exultant, clear,
As those the Shepherds heard in Bethlehem.

"Hark! The herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled?"

It seemed to her who stood beside that bed—
The embittered wife who never had known peace—
A message straight from Him. And she beheld
The heavens open, and she saw His face
Fill'd with divine compassion for the sins
And suffering of His creatures; and she heard
A voice like music, "Inasmuch as ye
Have done it unto one, the least of Mine,
Ye did it unto Me."
Then all the ice
Frozen by winters on her heart seemed broke,
And pity welled up, as she took the babe
In her wide-open arms, and said, "So be it.
When both are gone, your child shall be as mine.

;ake this sacred charge; and if it please
ıe Lord, the void of love in my lone life
ay be refilled."
Then the glazed eyes of him
'ho heard her sought, with tenderness unknown
›fore, his wife's eyes. The cold fingers pressed
er hand. That touch healed all the wounded past,
›r, as she stooped to catch the last faint breath,
Kiss me!" he whispered—and so passed away.

EGYPTIAN SLIPPERS.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

TINY slippers of gold and green,
Tied with a mouldering, golden cord!
What pretty feet they must have been
When Cæsar Augustus was Egypt's lord!
Somebody graceful and fair you were.
Not many girls could dance in these!
When did your shoemaker make you, dear,
Such a nice pair of Egyptian "threes?"

Where were you measured? In Sais, or On,
Memphis, or Thebes, or Pelusium?
Fitting them featly your brown toes upon,
Lacing them deftly with finger and thumb,
I seem to see you!—so long ago,
Twenty-one centuries, less or more,
And here are your sandals; yet none of us know
What name, or fortune, or face you bore.

Your lips would have laughed with a rosy scorn
If the merchant, or slave-girl had mockingly said,
"The feet will pass, but the shoes they have worn,
Two thousand years onward, Time's road shall tread,

And still be foot-gear as good as new!"
  To think that calf-skin, gilded and stitched,
Should Rome and the Pharaohs outlive—and you
  Be gone like a dream from the world you bewitched

Not that we mourn you. 'Twere too absurd;
  You have been such a very long while away.
Your dry spiced dust would not value one word
  Of the soft regrets that my verse could say.
Sorrow and pleasure, and love and hate,
  If you ever felt them, have vaporized hence
To this odor—so subtle and delicate—
  Of myrrh, and cassia, and frankincense.

Of course, they embalmed you! Yet not so sweet
  Were aloes and nard, as the youthful glow
Which Amenti stole when the small, dark feet
  Wearied of treading our world below.
Look! it was flood-time in valley of Nile,
  Or a very wet day in the Delta, dear,
When the slippers tripped lightly their latest mile—
  The mud on the soles renders that fact clear.

You knew Cleopatra, no doubt! You saw
  Antony's galleys from Actium come.
But there! if questions could answers draw
  From lips so many a long age dumb,
I would not tease you with history,
  Nor vex your heart for the men which were.
The one point to learn that fascinates me
  Is, Where and what are you to-day, my dear?

You died, believing in Horus and Pasht,
  Isis, Osiris, and priestly lore,
And found, of course, such theories smashed
  By actual fact on the heavenly shore.
What next did you do? Did you transmigrate?
  Have we seen you since, all modern and fresh?

Your charming soul—so I calculate—
  Mislaid its mummy and sought new flesh.

Were you she whom I met at dinner last week,
  With eyes and hair of the Ptolemy black,
Who still of this find in the Fayoum would speak,
  And to Pharaohs and scarabs still carry us back?
A scent of lotus about her hung,
  And she had such a far-away, wistful air,
As of somebody born when the earth was young,
  And she wore of gilt slippers a lovely pair.

Perchance you were married? These might have been
  Part of your trousseau—the wedding-shoes;
And you laid them aside with the garments green,
  And painted clay gods which a bride would use;
And may be, to-day, by Nile's bright waters
  Damsels of Egypt in gowns of blue—
Great-great-great—very great—granddaughters,
  Owe their shapely insteps to you.

But vainly I beat at the bars of the past,
  Little green slippers with golden strings!
For all you can tell is that leather will last
  When loves, and delightings, and beautiful things
Have vanished, forgotten—No, not quite that!
  I catch some gleam of the grace you wore
When you finished with Life's daily pit-a-pat,
  And left your shoes at Death's bedroom door.

You were born in the Egypt which did not doubt;
  You were never sad with our new-fashioned sorrows;
You were sure, when your play-days on earth ran out,
  Of play-days to come, as we of our sorrows!
Oh, wise little maid of the Delta! I lay
  Your shoes in your mummy-chest back again,
And wish that one game we might merrily play
  At hunt-the-slipper—to see it all plain!

JAPANESE LULLABY.

EUGENE FIELD.

SLEEP, little pigeon, and fold your wings,
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging,
Swinging the nest where the little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling,
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In thro' the window a moonbeam comes,
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping,
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish and moaning,
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing? See, I am swinging,
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

"HAST thou a lover?" asked he, "O maiden of the Rhine."
She blushed in sweet confusion and softly answered "Nein."
He felt rebuffed, and knew not what best to say, and then
A sudden thought came to him: He pleaded, "Make it ten!"

IN THE NURSERY.

JEAN INGELOW.

"WHERE do you go, Bob, when you're fast asleep?"
"Where? O well, once I went into a deep
Mine father told of, and a cross man said
He'd make me help to dig, and eat black bread.
I saw the queen once, in her room, quite near.
She said, 'You rude boy, Bob, how came you here?'"
"Was it like mother's boudoir?" "Grander far,
Gold chairs and things—all over diamonds—ah!"
"You're sure it was the queen?" "Of course. A crown
Was on her, and a spangly purple gown."
"I went to heaven last night." "O Lily, no.
How could you?" "Yes I did, they told me so,—
And my best doll, my favorite with the blue
Frock—Jasmine,—I took her to heaven, too."
"What was it like?" "A kind of—I can't tell—
A sort of orchard-place in a long dell,
With trees all over flowers. And there were birds
Who could do talking, say soft, pretty words;
They let me stroke them and I showed it all
To Jasmine. And I heard a blue dove call:
'Child, this is heaven.' I was not frightened when
It spoke, I said 'Where are the angels, then?'"
"'Well!' so it said, 'look up and you shall see.'
There were two angels sitting in the tree,
As tall as mother. They had long, gold hair;
They let drop down the fruit they gathered there
And little angels came for it,—so sweet.
Here they were beggar children in the street,
And the dove said they had the prettiest things,
And wore their best frocks every day." "And wings,
Had they no wings?" "O yes, and lined with white
Like swallow wings, so soft—so very light,

Fluttering about." "Well?" "Well I did not stay,
So that was all." "They made you go away?"
"I did not go—but—I was gone." "I know.'
"But it's a pity, Bob, we never go
Together." "Yes, and have no dreams to tell,
But the next day both know it all quite well."
"And, Bob, if I could dream you came with me
You would be there, perhaps." "Perhaps— we'll see."

TO-MORROW.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HER that yer Honor was spakin' to? Whin, yer Honor? last year—
Standin' here be the bridge, whin last yer Honor was here;
An', yer Honor, ye gev her the top o' the mornin'; "To-morra," says she.
What did they call her, yer Honor? They call'd her Molly Magee.
An' yer Honor's the thrue ould blood that always manes to be kind,
But there's rason in all things, yer Honor, for Molly was out o' her mind.

Shure, an' meself remimbers wan night comin' down be the sthrame,
An' it seems to me now like a bit o' yistherday in a dhrame—
Here where yer Honor seen her—there was but a slip of a moon,
But I hard thim—Molly Magee wid her batchelor, Danny O'Roon—
"You've been takin' a dhrop o' the crathur," and Danny says, "Troth, an' I been

Dhrinkin' yer health wid Shamus O'Shea at Katty's shebeen;*

But I must be lavin' ye soon." "Ochone, are ye goin' away?"
"Goin' to cut the Sassenach whate," he says, "over the say"—
"An' whin will ye meet me agin?" An' I hard him, "Molly asthore,
"I'll meet ye agin to-morra," says he, "be the chapel-door."
"And whin' are ye goin' to lave me?" "Oh, Monday mornin'," says he;
"An' shure, thin, ye'll meet me to-morra?" "To-morra, to-morra, machree!"

Thin Molly's ould mother, yer Honor, that had no likin' for Dan,
Call'd from her cabin an' tould her to come away from the man;
An' Molly Magee kem flyin' acrass me, as light as a lark,
An' Dan stood there for a minute, an' thin wint into the dark.
But wirrah! the storm that night—the tundher, and rain that fell,
An' the sthrames runnin' down at the back o' the glin 'ud 'a' dhrownded hell.

But airth was at pace nixt mornin', an' hivin in its glory smiled,
As the Holy Mother o' Glory that smiles at her sleepin' child—
Ethen—she stept an the chapel-green, an' she turn'd herself roun',
Wid a diamond dhrop in her eye, for Danny was not to be foun';

* Grog-shop.

An' many's the time that I watch'd her at mass, lettin' down the tear,
For the divil a Danny was there, yer Honor, for forty year.

Och, Molly Magee, wid the red o' the rose an' the white o' the May,
An' yer hair as black as the night, an' yer eyes as bright as the day!
Achora, yer laste little whishper was sweet as the lilt of a bird!
Acushla, ye set me heart batin' to music wid ivery word!
An' sorra the queen wid her sceptre in sich an illigant han',
An' the fall o' yer foot in the dance was as light as snow an the lan'.

An' the sun kem out of a cloud whiniver ye walkt in the shtreet,
An' Shamus O'Shea was yer shadda, an' laid himself undher yer feet;
An' I loved ye meself wid a heart an' a half, me darlin', an' he
'Ud 'a' shot his own soul for a kiss o' ye, Molly Magee.

But shure we wor betther frinds whin I cracked his skull for her sake,
An' he ped me back wid the best he could give at ould Donovan's wake—
For the boys wor about her agin, whin Dan didn't come to the fore,
An' Shamus along wid the rest, but she put thim all to the door.
An', afther, I thried her meself, av the bird 'ud come to me call,
But Molly, begorrah, 'ud listen to naither at all, at all.

An' her nabours an' frinds 'ud consowl an' condowl wid her, airly an' late.

"Your Danny," they says, "niver crasst over say to the Sassenach whate;
He's gone to the States, aroon, an' he's married another wife,
An' ye'll niver set eyes on the face of the thraithur agin in life!
An' to dhrame of a married man, death alive, is a mortial sin."
But Molly says, "I'd his hand-promise, an' shure he'll meet me agin."

An' afther her parints had inter'd glory, an' both in wan day,
She began to spake to herself, the crathur, an' whishper, an' say,
"To-morra, to-morra!" An' Father Molowny he tuk her in han',
"Molly, ye're manin'," he says, "me dear, av I undherstan',
Then ye'll meet yer parints agin an' yer Danny O'Roon afore God,
Wid His blessed marthyrs an' saints;" an' she gev him a frindly nod,
"To-morra, to-morra," she says, an' she didn't intind to desave,
But her wits wor dead, an' her hair was as white as the snow an a grave.

Arrah, now, here last month they wor diggin' the bog, an' they foun',
Dhrownded in black bog-wather, a corp' lyin' undher groun'.
Arrah, thin, they laid this body they foun' an the grass
Be the chapel-door, an' the people 'ud see it that wint intc mass—
But a frish gineration had riz, an' most o' the ould was few,
An' I didn't know him meself, an' none o' the parish knew.

But Molly kem limpin' up wid her stick—she was lamed iv a knee.

Thin a slip of a gossoon call'd, "Div ye know him, Molly Magee?"
An' she stood up straight as the queen o' the world,—she lifted her head—
"He said he would meet me to-morra!" an' dhropt down dead an the dead.

Och, Molly, we thought, machree, ye would start back agin into life,
Whin we laid yez aich be aich, at yer wake, like husban' an' wife.
Sorra the dhry eye thin but was wet for the frinds that was gone!
Sorra the silent throat but we hard it cryin' "Ochone!"
An' Shamus O'Shea, that has now ten childer, han'some an' tall,
Him an' his childer wor keenin' as if he had lost thim all.

Thin his Riverence buried thim both in wan grave be the elder-tree,
The young man, Danny O'Roon, wid his ould woman, Molly Magee.

May all the flowers o' Jeroosilim blossom an' spring from the grass,
Imbrashin' an' kissin' aich other—as ye did—over yer Crass!
An' the lark fly out o' the flowers wid his song to the sun an' the moon,
An' tell thim in hivin about Molly Magee an' her Danny O'Roon,
Till holy St. Pether gets up wid his kays an' opens the gate!
An' shure, be the Crass, that's betther nor cuttin' the Sassenach whate,
To be there wid the Blessed Mother, an' saints an' marthyrs galore,
An' singin' yer "aves" an' "pathers" foriver an' ivermore.

FALSTAFF AND PRINCE HAL.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

[Of all Shakespeare's characters none exceeds Sir John Falstaff in drinking and in lying. The following scene from "Henry IV." is an exaggerated account by Falstaff of a robbery in which he and his gang rob some travelers, but are in turn set upon by the Prince, and Poins, an associate, disguised. They have all assembled at Boar's Head tavern, Eastcheap.]

POINS. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been ?

FALSTAFF. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance, too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them, too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant ? [*Drinks.*] Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt. If manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old, heaven help the while! A bad world, I say. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

PRINCE HAL. How now, wool-sack, what mutter thou ?

FAL. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE. What's the matter ?

FAL. Art thou not a coward? answer me that,—and Poins there ?

POINS. Zounds, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

FAL. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged, ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. Thou art straight enough in the shoulders, thou care not who sees thy back. Call thou that backing thy friends ? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

PRINCE. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last. What's the matter?

FAL. What's the matter? There be four of us here have taken a thousand pound this morning.

PRINCE. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FAL. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE. What, a hundred, man?

FAL. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a hand-saw,—*ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man. All would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak. [*Pointing to his accomplices,* GADSHILL *and* PETO.] If they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

PRINCE. Speak, sirs, how was it?

GADS. We four set upon some dozen—

FAL. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

GADS. And bound them.

PETO. No, no, they were not bound.

FAL. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an 'Ebrew Jew.

GADS. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

FAL. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

PRINCE. What, fought ye with them all?

FAL. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish. If there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

POINS. Pray heaven, you have not killed some of them.

FAL. Nay, that's past praying for. I have peppered two of them—two, I am sure, I have paid—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse—thou knowest my old ward—here I

lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

PRINCE. What four ? thou saidst but two, even now.

FAL. Four, Hal—I told thee four. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

PRINCE. Seven ? why there were but four, even now.

FAL. In buckram ?

POINS. Ay, four in buckram suits.

FAL. Seven, by these hilts, or I'm a villain else.

PRINCE. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FAL. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

PRINCE. So, two more already.

FAL. Their points being broken, began to give me ground, but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FAL. But, as ill luck would have it, three misbegotten knaves came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE. These lies are like the father that begets them—gross as a mountain, open, palpable.

FAL. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth the truth ?

PRINCE. Why, how couldst thou know these men when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand ? Come, tell us thy reason. What sayest thou to this ?

FAL. What, upon compulsion ? No! Were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell thee on compulsion. Give thee a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I—

PRINCE. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin, this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

FAL. Away, thou starveling, thou elfskin, thou dried

neat's tongue, thou stock-fish! Oh, for breath to utter what is like thee!—thou tailor's yard, thou sheath, thou bow-case, thou vile standing tuck,—

PRINCE. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again, and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and with a word outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show you it here in the house;—and, Falstaff, thou carried thyself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

FAL. By the lords, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why—hear ye, my masters—was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life. I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the lords, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the door! Watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

PRINCE. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

FAL. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an' thou lovest me.

THE baker and the actor have art within their souls;
They both remain a factor in just creating rolls.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

I HAVE not blamed him; I shall not blame;
It is best for him, though bitter for me
Whose poor heart holds the past the same
As a box of gems with a missing key!

For Philip was born to shine, you know;
I can never help, through my darkest pain,
Being glad he should win the world, and so
Gain early all that he ought to gain.

It used to seem, in the old dead days,
A marvel that he should find one trace
Of charm in a girl with my plain ways
And timidly unimportant face.

His frame for a sculptor might have served;
His hair, over deep-blue eyes and clear,
Grew high on the temples ere it curved
In rich, crisp gold round the shapely ear;

And I think there are few things like his smile,
Or his laugh's full mellow sweetness, too;
And then, in his own wild self-taught style,
He was clever beyond all men I knew;

And often, indeed, throughout each year,
He would read his poems to me alone,
While I tried to make my whole soul hear,
With his strong man's hand in both my own;

And some I would find most grave and grand,
And some to my eyes the hot tears sent,
And some I would ache to understand,
But not know a word of what they meant.

For Phil was to me like a land that keeps
  High cliffs it dazzles the eye to trace,
Though I cared not much for the lofty steeps,
  While violets blossomed about their base.

But 'twas pleasure to know him well above
  The throng of his fellows, I avow;
For woman's pride is to woman's love
  More closely wedded than leaf to bough!

And so when that summer came at last
  Which made the old house on the hill look gay,
Its silence being a thing of the past
  And its shadowy chambers blessed with day,

Why, what seemed likelier to my thought,
  If I stayed to think, than that my dear Phil,
For the graceful gifts his presence brought,
  Should be welcomed at the house on the hill?

And his welcomers chose, for their fine part,
  So to scatter favors about his feet,
That I grew at length to be sure in heart
  Of just the nights when we would not meet.

He would tell me of their soft household ease,
  And their manners, touched with a fine repose,
And of all they had borne across the seas
  From lands of sun and from lands of snows;

And deep was my pleasure to hear him speak
  Of how warmly all would greet him there,
From the proud old dame with the faded cheek
  To the rosy pet with the reckless hair.

But as summer died amid waning wealth,
  A something in Phil seemed also dead,
And now and then I would weep by stealth,
  For my soul grew dark with a nameless dread!

He was shadowed with gloomy change, and cold,
  That made, while it put the past to scorn,
His kiss of now by his kiss of old
  Seem a wilted rose by a rose just born;

And the change grew worse; but I played a part,
  And gave no sign, in my stubborn pride,
While doubt knocked loud at the door of my heart,
  Like a guest that will not be denied.

'Twas my old friend, Ellen, who spoke and showed
  The truth, one morn, with her true, bold tongue,
As we met on the same elm-bordered road
  Which had led to school when we both were young.

"You have keen eyes, Kate, but you will not see;
  Quick ears, yet you strangely fail to hear!
Your Philip is false as a man may be,
  For all that you hold his love so dear!

"I will speak the truth though its shock should kill;
  God help me, too, if I go amiss!
They greet him well at the house on the hill,
  Yet, ah!—there is something more than this!

"There is one who rules him with fatal sway,
  Who turns his heart from its loyal place;
A girl with brown hair waving away
  From a clear-cut, pale, patrician face.

"The babbled lies of the gossip-cliques
  I meet with loathing, I stand above;
But, Kate, what it all has meant for weeks
  Heaven only knows if it be not love!

"They were strolling slowly, this very morn,
  On the lonely roadside where I came,
And before my kindling look of scorn
  He dropt his eyes with a flush of shame.

"But, Kate, if shame can the past repair,
  From this life you were blameless to despise,
Take all that your just contempt can spare,
  And let it serve you until it dies!

"And perhaps your love, with its deeps untold,
  Shall have gained the power, I dream not how,
To see the man you knew me of old
  In the worthless traitor you know me now!"

As he ceased, I thrilled with a yearning thrill,
  But I said, in words that were cold and slow:
"Answer me what I shall ask of you, Phil;
  On your honor answer it,—yes or no!

"Which of us two has your heart this night?
  Speak truth. Is it here or yonder, Phil;
Here where we stand in the mellow light,
  Or yonder—at the house on the hill?"

I questioned thus, though I did not dare
  Look once on his white face, vague to see,
But with dropt eyes felt, as I waited there,
  That the world stood still till he answered me!

So, waiting near him, with bended head,
  And with palm to palm held firm and tense,
I seemed, while the meagre moments fled,
  To be living a lifetime of suspense!

And now, with a stifled sob, I sent
  A prayer to the God who makes or mars,
That out from my longing bosom went,
  Like a bird let forth from its prison-bars!

I prayed that my new hope might not flit
  As a dream back to dreamland, past recall:
And I prayed—but alas! what profits it
  To remember now that I prayed at all?

My hand on a sudden he caught and pressed,
  While he said, in a whisper, strange and rough;
"Yes, Kate,—God help me! I love *her* best.
  You ask for truth—I have lied enough."

(So the prayer was vain! So the hope was fled!)
  Then I sighed, though he did not hear me sigh,
And I let him keep my hand as I said,
"The truth is better. Good night, good-bye."

It was dark by this, for the moon hung low;
  And I heard the katydid's wild, clear cry,
As it rang from meadowy reaches, grow
  Like an echoing voice—*Good night! good-bye!*

THE RIDE OF ICHABOD CRANE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[Ichabod Crane was a long, lean, and lanky schoolmaster at Sleepy Hollow on the Hudson—a place thronging with Revolutionary legends and superstitions. His heart had been captured by Katrina Van Tassel, a buxom country maiden, or by the prospect of her father's wealth. His great rival in the suit was one Brom Bones, a rough fellow full of pranks. Ichabod had been invited to a "quilting-frolic" at Katrina's, where the conversation naturally fell to teiling and to discussing the local stories of ghosts and apparitions, among them that of the Headless Horseman. With a mind full of these grewsome tales, and downhearted from having received his *congé* from Katrina, Ichabod set out at midnight on his homeward journey.]

IT was the very witching time of night that Ichabod pursued his travel homeward along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown. In the dead hush of midnight, he could hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson, and now and then the long-drawn crowing of a cock would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neighboring marsh.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper

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All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper

in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid.

In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. This tree was connected with the tragical story of André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and the common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights, and doleful lamentations, told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle. He thought his whistle was answered. It was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree. He paused and ceased whistling, but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan,—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About 200 yards from the tree, a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy, thickly-wooded glen. A few rough logs laid side by side served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him.

As Ichabod approached the stream, his heart began to thump. He, however, summoned up all his resolution, gave

old Gunpowder, his horse, half-a-score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot. It was all in vain. His steed started, it is true, but only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents: "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm-tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now, in some degree, be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of huge dimensions, mounted on a black horse of powerful frame.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him be-

hind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. Ichabod's heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm-tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion, that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head which should have rested on his shoulders was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! Ichabod's terror now rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away, then, they dashed through thick and through thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound.

They had reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn and plunged headlong downhill to the left. This road led through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crossed a bridge, and just beyond swelled the green knoll on which stood a whitewashed church.

As yet, the panic of the steed has given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled underfoot by his pursuer.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection

of a star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where the ghostly competitor ought to disappear. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side, and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. But just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. Inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road and evidently at furious speed were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin, but Ichabod never appeared.

The old country wives maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means, but Brom Bones, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin, which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

YOUTH AND ART.

ROBERT BROWNING.

IT once might have been, once only:
We lodged in a street together,
You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,
I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,
You thumbed, thrust, patted, and polished,
Then laughed: "They will see, some day,
Smith made, and Gibson demolished."

My business was song, song, song.
I chirped, cheeped, trilled, and twittered,
"Kate Brown's on the boards ere long,
And Grisi's existence embittered."

I earned no more by a warble
Than you by a sketch in plaster.
You wanted a piece of marble,
I needed a music master.

We studied hard in our styles,
Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,
For air, looked out on the tiles,
For fun, watched each other's windows.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
Cap and blouse—nay, a bit of beard, too;
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
With fingers the clay adhered to.

And I—soon managed to find
Weak points in the flower-fence facing,
Was forced to put up a blind
And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm! It was not my fault
  If you never turned your eyes tail up
As I shook upon E in alt.,
  Or ran the chromatic scale up;

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
  And the boys and girls gave guesses,
And stalls in our street looked rare
  With bulrush and water-cresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower
  In a pellet of clay and fling it?
Why did not I put a power
  Of thanks in a look, or sing it?

I did look, sharp as a lynx
  (And yet the memory rankles),
When models arrived, some minx
  Tripped upstairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good!
  "That foreign fellow,—who can know
How she pays, in a playful mood,
  For his tuning her that piano?"

Could you say so, and never say,
  "Suppose we join hands and fortunes,
And I fetch her from over the way,
  Her, piano, and long tunes and short tunes?"

No, no; you would not be rash,
  Nor I rasher and something over;
You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,
  And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the prince at the board,
  I'm queen myself at *bals-paré*,
I've married a rich old lord,
  And you're dubbed knight and an R.A.

Each life's unfulfilled, you see;
  It hangs still, patchy and scrappy;

We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired,—been happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,
And people suppose me clever;
This could but have happened once.
And we missed it, lost it forever.

FILES-ON-PARADE.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

"WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.
"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Color-Sergeant said.
For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can 'ear the dead march play,
The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin' 'im to-day;
They've taken of 'is buttons off an' cut 'is stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" said Files-on-Parade.
"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the Color-Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,

They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin', shootin' hound—
O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"'Is cot was right 'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.
"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Color-Sergeant said.
"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.
"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Color-Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must look 'im in the face;
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's disgrace,
While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Color-Sergeant said.
For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play,
The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their beer to-day,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

PADDY MOORE.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

PADDY MOORE was all Irish, and no doubting it:
If you doubted the name, you could tell by the wit.
A policeman he was, of material raw,
Who had taken the oath of enforcing the law.

He would serve any warrant, it mattered not how,
Though he couldn't be trusted to settle a row;
One never could tell, when he'd finished the job,
Which was the officer, which was the mob.

Some Irish excuse for such conduct he'd find:
"Whin I grab me shillalah, the law slips me mind!"
John Lynch was a drunkard whom Paddy knew well,
For always when tipsy his story he'd tell:

"I was born on the ocean that far from the land
How to fix up me age I cannot undhershtand.
Bein' out on the waves, I was born long before
I came into the world, don't ye see, Paddy Moore.

"Bein' born to no counthry, I must be a rogue;
But, bedad, I'm not Dutch, ye can tell by the brogue.
I've been earnin' me bread by the shweat o' me brow;
I think it's skilled labor they're callin' it now.

"I can handle the shovel along wid the best;
But the skill o' me labor is shtoppin' to rest.
Let none o' yees doubt, though I can't write me name
I'll be makin' me mark in the world jist the same.

"I'm a voter, bedad, though me brogue is that thick
That ofttimes I strike it mysilf wid a pick.
But a terrible failin' lies hard at me door:
'Tis a love for the liquor I'll never git o'er;

"For, though I was born in the midst o' the brine,
An' all those sweet mermaids are sisters o' mine,
I was that scared o' water, for fear I should drown,
That niver since then could I kape the stuff down."

In New Brunswick, New Jersey, John Lynch chose to dwell;
And, barring mosquitoes, it suited him well.
He had cranberries cheap, an occasional strike,
And "old applejack" plenty whenever he'd like.

But he liked it too often, and liked it too much;
And whenever in liquor, his temper was such
That the demon of drink would incite him to crime;
And for beating his wife he had many a time

Been under arrest; till he swore by the pen
He would never be locked up in prison again.
Though the spirit is willing, the flesh may be weak,
And the spirits he took were too strong, so to speak;

And the brute took to beating his wife as before—
The brute always beats what he ought to adore;
And, hearing a warrant was issued, he said:
"I'll straightway go hang myself out in the shed."

Paddy there found him hanging, and said: "I declare!
Ye've got up in the world! Are ye takin' the air?
Did ye tie yerself up to be here when I came?
Or hang up like poultry to show ye died game?

"Fie! fie! Mr. Lynch, ye're a livin' disgrace;
Yer deeds are that dark ye've turned black in the face.
For fear ye'd not rise wid such crimes on yer head,
Ye had resurrection before ye were dead.

"To make sure ye are dead, here's a drop of old rye;
If there's any life in ye, 'twill open yer eye.
Excuse me for temptin' ye, I didn't note
Ye'd sworn off from drinkin' an' tied up yer throat.

"Ye'll go where the people are thirsty, I think,
So kape yer throat tied—ye'll find nothin' to drink.
Though ye seem to be dead, there's a doubt in me mind
How yer life could get out wid yer throat so confined.

"Be ye livin' or dead let the coroner say,
I've no right to be wastin' a warrant this way.
Though ye're too dead to vote, ye shall not 'scape the law;
Ye're a citizen while ye can hold up yer jaw.

"Ye are served wid the warrant beyond e'er a doubt,
'Tis there in yer pocket, the end stickin' out.
Ye'll not go to heaven right soon, any rate;
While ye're under arrest, ye'll not dare leave the State.

"'Tis no use to go up to St. Peter and try
To get in through the gate wid that look in yer eye.
He'd know right away whin he'd look at yer face
Ye've a very bad character from yer last place.

"St. Peter is kind an' forgivin', I know,
Excusin' the most of our frailties below,
But there isn't a crime that would doom ye that quick
As strikin' a woman, ye cowardly mick!

"Though ye beg to get in, he will not be herrangued;
Whin he looks at yer paper, he'll say: 'Ye be hanged!'
Whin he sees by the paper ye're wanted below
By his friend Paddy Moore, he'll command ye to go!

"An' ye'll ax him: 'Down where? To New Jersey, or—well,
That place which the newspapers niver dare spell?'
An' St. Peter will say, wid a smile in his voice:
'Take yer pick, Mr. Lynch; 'tis a matter of choice!'"

THE MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Arranged from "No Thoroughfare."

[Jules Obenreizer, the London agent of a Swiss wine-firm, has forged a receipt for £500 remitted by George Vendale, a customer of said firm, and stolen the money. In order to ferret the matter out, it is found necessary to see the handwriting of the receiptor, and Vendale decides to make the perilous journey across the Alps in winter and deliver the paper in person. On learning Vendale's intention, Obenreizer trumps up fictitious business in Switzerland and offers himself as a traveling companion, hoping for an opportunity to accomplish Vendale's destruction. Now Obenreizer has a ward, Marguerite, to whom Vendale is engaged, and she implores the latter not to go, believing it sure death to undertake so dangerous a trip at that season.]

IT was about the middle of February, when Vendale and Obenreizer set forth on their expedition. The winter being a hard one, the time was bad for travelers.

The state of mind of these two fellow-travelers toward the other was this: Obenreizer, encircled by impending doom through Vendale, and seeing the circle narrowed every hour by Vendale's energy, hated him with the animosity of a fierce, cunning lower animal. He saw in him the hunter who was tracking him down. Vendale, on the other hand, although vaguely mistrusting Obenreizer, felt bound to contend against this feeling, reminding himself, "He is Marguerite's guardian. We are on perfectly friendly terms; he is my companion of his own proposal and can have no interested motive in sharing this undesirable journey."

After considerable traveling, the two came to the foot of the Simplon, the pass through which they must cross. The road was fair enough for stout walkers and the air grew lighter and easier to breathe as the two ascended. Although the light was dismally shrouded, the prospect was not obscured. Down in the valley of the Rhone behind them the stream could be traced through all its many windings, oppressively sombre and solemn in its one leaden hue, a colorless waste. Far and high above them, glaciers and suspended avalanches overhung

the spots where they must pass by-and-by. Deep and dark below them on their right were awful precipice and roaring torrent. As they ascended, the road became gradually more rugged and difficult, but the spirits of Vendale rose as they mounted higher, leaving so much more of the road behind them conquered. Obenreizer spoke little, and held on with a determined purpose. Both, in respect to agility and to endurance, were well qualified for the expedition.

They had divided between the two knapsacks such refreshments as they had been able to obtain that morning, and as they deemed it prudent to take. Obenreizer carried the wine as his share of the burden; Vendale the bread and meat and cheese, and the flask of brandy.

They had for some time labored upward and onward through the snow—which was now above their knees in the track, and of unknown depth elsewhere—and they were still laboring upward and onward through the most frightful part of that tremendous desolation, when snow began to fall. At first, but a few flakes descended slowly and steadily. After a while, the fall grew much denser, and suddenly it began without apparent cause to whirl itself into spiral shapes. Instantly ensuing upon this last change, an icy blast came roaring at them, and every sound and force imprisoned until now was let loose.

One of the dismal galleries through which the road is carried at that perilous point, a cave eked out by arches of great strength, was near at hand. They struggled into it, and the storm raged wildly. The noise of the wind and the water, the thundering down of displaced masses of rock and snow, the awful voices with which every gorge in the whole monstrous range seemed to be suddenly endowed, the darkness as of night, the violent revolving of the snow, which beat and broke it into spray and blinded them, the madness of everything around insatiate for destruction, the rapid substitution of furious violence for unnatural calm, and hosts of appalling sounds for silence,—these were things, on the edge of a deep

abyss, to chill the blood, though the fierce wind, made actually solid by ice and by snow, had failed to chill it.

Obenreizer, walking to and fro in the gallery without ceasing, signed to Vendale to help him unbuckle his knapsack. Vendale complying, Obenreizer produced his bottle of wine, and poured some out, motioning Vendale to take that for warmth's sake. Vendale again complying, Obenreizer seemed to drink after him, and the two walked backward and forward side by side; both well knowing that to rest or to sleep would be to die.

They must have been two hours in their frightful prison, when Obenreizer, now crunching into the mound, now creeping over it with his head bowed down and his body touching the top of the arch, made his way out. Vendale followed close upon him, but followed without clear motive or calculation, for a lethargy was creeping over him, and mastering his senses. How far he had followed out of the gallery, or with what obstacles he had since contended, he knew not. He became aroused to the knowledge that Obenreizer had set upon him, and that they were struggling desperately in the snow. He became aroused to the remembrance of what his assailant carried in his girdle. He felt for it, drew it, struck at him, struggled again, struck at him again, cast him off and stood face to face with him.

"I promised to guide you to your journey's end," said Obenreizer, "and I have kept my promise. The journey of your life ends here. Nothing can prolong it. You are sleeping as you stand."

"You are a villain. What have you done to me?"

"You are a fool. I have drugged you. You are doubly a fool, for I drugged you once before upon the journey, to try you. You are trebly a fool, for I am the thief and forger, and in a few moments I shall take those proofs against the thief and forger from your insensible body."

The entrapped man tried to throw off the lethargy, but its fatal hold upon him was so sure that, even while he heard these words, he stupidly wondered which of them had been

wounded, and whose blood it was that he saw sprinkled on the snow.

"What have I done to you," he asked, heavily and thickly, "that you should be—so base—a murderer?"

"Done to me? You would have destroyed me, but that you have come to your journey's end. Your cursed activity interposed between me and the time I counted on in which I might have replaced the money. Done to me? You have come in my way—not once, not twice, but again and again and again. Therefore you die here."

Vendale tried to think coherently, tried to speak coherently, tried to pick up the iron-shod staff he let fall; failing to touch it, tried to stagger on without its aid. All in vain, all in vain! He stumbled, and fell heavily forward on the brink of the deep chasm.

Stupefied, dozing, unable to stand upon his feet, a veil before his eyes, his sense of hearing deadened, he made such a vigorous rally that, supporting himself on his hands, he saw his enemy standing calmly over him, and heard him speak.

"You call me murderer," said Obenreizer, with a grim laugh. "The name matters very little. At least, I have set my life against yours, for I am surrounded by dangers, and may never make my way out of this place. The snow is on the whirl. I must have the papers now. Every moment has my life in it."

"Stop!" cried Vendale, in a terrible voice, staggering up with a last flash of fire breaking out of him, and clutching the thievish hands at his breast, in both of his. "Stop! Stand away from me! Stand off from me, and let me look at your murderous face. Let it remind me—of something—left to say."

The sight of him fighting so hard for his senses, and the doubt whether he might not for an instant be possessed by the strength of a dozen men, kept his opponent still. Wildly glaring at him, Vendale faltered out the broken words:

"It shall not be—the trust—of the dead—betrayed by me—reputed parents—misinherited fortune—see to it!"

As his head dropped on his breast, and he stumbled on the brink of the chasm as before, the thievish hands went once more, quick and busy, to his breast. He made a convulsive attempt to cry "No!" desperately rolled over into the gulf, and sank away from his enemy's touch, like a phantom in a dreadful dream. The mountain-storm raged again, and passed again. The awful mountain-voices died away, the moon rose, and the soft and silent snow fell.

* * * * * *

Two men and two large dogs came out at the door of a hospice. The men looked carefully around them, and up at the sky. One said to the other: "We may venture now. We may find them." Each fastened on his back a basket; each took in his hand a strong spiked pole; each girdled under his arm a looped end of a stout rope, so that they were tied together. Suddenly the dogs became greatly excited, and broke into a deep loud bay together.

The two men looked in the faces of the two dogs. The two dogs looked, with at least equal intelligence, in the faces of the two men.

"*Au secours*, then! Help! To the rescue!" cried the two men. The two dogs, with a glad, deep, generous bark, bounded away.

"Two more mad ones!" said the men, stricken motionless, and looking away into the moonlight. "Is it possible in such weather? And one of them a woman!"

Each of the dogs had the corner of a woman's dress in its mouth, and drew her along. She fondled their heads as she came through the snow. It was Marguerite!

"Dear guides, dear friends of travelers! I am of your country. I seek two gentlemen crossing the Pass, who should have reached the hospice this evening. Let me go with you. Let me go with you, for the love of God! One of those

gentlemen is to be my husband. I love him, oh, so dearly! oh, so dearly! You see I am not faint; I am not tired. I will swear to be brave and good. But let me go with you, let me go with you! If any mischance should have befallen him, my love would find him, when nothing else could. On my knees, dear friends of travelers! By the love your dear mothers had for your fathers!"

The good rough fellows were moved. The state of the moon rendering it highly important that no time should be lost, and the dogs showing signs of great uneasiness, the two men quickly took their resolution and allowed Marguerite to accompany them.

They made no miss in reaching the gallery where the two had taken shelter. The second storm of wind and snow had so wildly swept over it since, that their tracks were gone, but the dogs went to and fro with their noses down, and were confident. The leader of the line had stopped, and was taking note of the landmarks, when one of the dogs fell to tearing up the snow a little before them. Advancing and stooping to look at it, thinking that someone might be overwhelmed there, they saw that it was stained, and that the stain was red.

The other dog was now seen to look over the brink of the gulf, with his fore-legs straightened out, lest he should fall into it, and to tremble in every limb. Then the dog who had found the stained snow joined him, and they ran to and fro, distressed and whining. Finally, they both stopped on the brink together, and setting up their heads, howled dolefully.

"There is someone lying below," said Marguerite.

"I think so," said the foremost man. "Stand well inward, and let us look over."

A piercing cry from Marguerite broke a long silence:

"My God! On a projecting point where a wall of ice stretches forward over the torrent, I see a human form!"

"Where, ma'amselle, where?"

"See there! On the shelf of ice below the dogs!"

The leader, with a sickened aspect, drew inward, and they were all silent. But they were not all inactive, for Marguerite, with swift and skilful fingers, had detached both herself and him from the ropes in a few seconds.

"Show me the baskets. These two are the only ropes?"

"The only ropes here, ma'amselle; but at the hospice——"

"If he is alive—I know it is my lover—he will be dead before you can return. Dear guides! Blessed friends of travelers! Look at me. Watch my hands. If they falter or go wrong make me your prisoner by force. If they are steady and go right, help me to save him!"

"She is inspired," they said to each other.

"By the Almighty's mercy!" she exclaimed. "You both know that I am by far the lightest here. Give me the brandy and the wine, and lower me down to him. Then go for assistance and a stronger rope. Alive or dead, I will bring him up, or die with him. I love him passionately. Can I say more? Lower me down to him, or I will dash myself to pieces!"

"Ma'amselle, ma'amselle, he must be dying or dead."

"Dying or dead, my husband's head shall lie upon my breast, or I will dash myself to pieces."

They yielded, overborne. With such precautions as their skill and the circumstances admitted, they let her slip from the summit, guiding herself down the precipitous icy wall with her hand, and they lowered down, and down, and down, until the cry came up: "Enough! He is insensible; but his heart beats."

One of the two men hurried off with the dogs at topmost speed. The other remained upon the brink, and his cry went down continually: "Courage! They will soon be here. How goes it!" And the cry came up: "His heart beats against mine. I warm him in my arms. I have cast off the rope, for the ice melts under us, and the rope would separate me from him; but I am not afraid."

The moon went down behind the mountain-tops, and all

the abyss lay in darkness. A cry came up: "We are sinking lower, but his heart still beats against mine."

At length, the eager barking of the dogs, and a flare of light upon the snow proclaimed that help was coming on. Twenty or thirty men, lamps, torches, litters, ropes, blankets, wood to kindle a great fire, restoratives, and stimulants, came in fast.

The cry went down: "Thanks to God, all is ready. How goes it?"

The cry went up: "We are sinking still, and we are deadly cold. His heart no longer beats against mine. Let no one come down, to add to our weight. Lower the rope only."

The fire was kindled high, a great glare of torches lighted the sides of the precipice, a rope was lowered. She could be seen passing it round him, and making it secure.

The cry came up into a deathly silence: "Raise! Softly!" They could see her diminished figure shrink, as Vendale was swung into the air. They gave no shout when some of them laid him on a litter, and others lowered another strong rope. The cry came up into a deathly silence: "Raise! Softly!" But when they caught her at the brink, then they shouted, then they wept, then they gave thanks to Heaven, then they kissed her feet, her dress, then the dogs caressed her, licked her icy hands, and with their honest faces warmed her frozen bosom!

But Marguerite broke from them all, and with both her loving hands upon the heart that stood still, sank over Vendale on his litter.

"My dear, don't you know it is bad luck for two to look in a looking-glass at the same time," said a husband to his wife, as she caressingly looked over his shoulder one morning. "Yes," she answered, "for two, but we are one."

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

LO, mother! it is here—thou hast thy will;
My work is done, my heart is stained with blood,
My hands are full of it; the sky is red—
From sea to sea the land is red to me—
The sun is blood. Mother, I danced for Herod,
I hung a shining garment on these limbs,
I bound my hair with scarlet flowers,
And on my ankles tied the silver bells
That tinkled to my shame. O cursed robes!
O cursed head! I would its crown were heaped
With dust and ashes, trodden under-foot,
The scorn of men. Yea, I would have the sea
Lash all its raging waters above my brow,
To hide me from myself. Listen, Herodias!
I pleased thy husband's brother, and he swore
I should have what I would,—for such a show
No guerdon were too great. I heard thy words
Go hissing through my brain, I saw thine eyes,
As when I left thee, gleam with lurid fire.
"Revenge!" I cried. "Give me the Baptist's head!"
There went a cloud across my uncle's brow;
He paused, and some sweet pity in his heart
Pleaded for John; but I—I forced him on;
I think the very devil of the Jews
Spake for me, since I know not what I said.
Still he grew sad; and then the guests began
To press his oath upon him; so at last
He sent his Lybian slave to bring that head,
And passing from the chamber, left me there
To wait—not long,—they brought it very soon.
Look there! Is it enough? Have I done well?
Oh, take it! take it! else those pallid lips
Will speak my soul's damnation. Send it hence,

Before those glassy eyes look through my heart
With fearful accusation. Ah, it shivers!
It surely moves—mother, do dead men live?
A phantom of my brain, and I then crazed?
I am to call thee by the tender name and loving sound of "mother."
I was crazed to do thy bidding; and when death itself
Stares in my face with close, unwinking eyes,
You tell me in a quiet voice to sleep.
Why, should you tie me to a bed of down,
Or lay these weary limbs along the turf
Of cool Libanus, where a thousand springs
Went dropping by my pillow,
I should wake. I nevermore shall sleep—not with the dead,
For I shall dream of judgment in my grave.
But hark, Herodias! *thou* didst plan the murder;
There is a reckoning somewhere kept for thee;
For this, thy sleep shall be disturbed with groans;
For this, the voiceless spangles of the night
Shall look upon thee with the Baptist's eyes;
His deathful smile shall flicker in the fire;
His rigid hands shall draw the curtain back
At midnight, from thy couch; the very winds
Shall take his voice to bid thee think of him;
And when thou liest at the festal board,
The wine that fills thy cup shall turn to blood.
The cooling snow from virgin Caucasus
Shall burn with crimson. Yea, the face thou lovest,
The face of Herod, shall be turned to his,
And with the livid pallor of the grave,
Stare from his throne. Alas! my life is dead;
My days are withered. Had I tears to spare,
They were for thee, Herodias; but mine eyes
Are dry as desert-sands. Go, while thou canst,
Exult in thy revenge; but dread thy doom.

THE SURGEON'S CHILD.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

WHO'S that snarling at Doctor? Come, out wi' it, mate, let's hear;
What's he been doin' to vex 'ee? I shan't tell him, no fear.
Wouldn't sign up your papers, said you could work quite well?
Thought you were shammin', I reckon, an' wasn't afeard to tell.
Why do I get in a temper? Look here, I'll tell 'ee for why:
'Tis twenty years as I've know'd him; an' that means knowin', says I;
Know'd what he's done for the village, toiled for us night an' day,
Wi' fidgets an' grumbles for thanks, an' little to get for pay.
So stop your mutters, Jem Brown, there. Don't hark to him, mates, I say;
Leave him alone on the settle, to grumble an' mumble away.
I'll tell 'ee a tale of Doctor, if you've a mind to bid;
Jem's told 'ee some 'at he *ha'n't* done, I'll tell 'ee some 'at he-*did.*

'Twere five years ago this Christmas, just such another night,—
Snow, snow, snow, driftin' an' deep an' white.
I were sittin' alone in the tallet, the hosses were munchin' below,
Tired, like I, poor brutes; we'd been out all day in the snow.

'Twere a sorrowful Christmas eve, in the old house there that night,
Never a branch o' holly nor a sound o' laughter light;
No one there in the hall, where all on us used to go
To give 'em our Christmas wishes an' hang up the mistletoe.
The house were all dumb an' dark, the children they couldn't play,
For their little blue-eyed sister were dyin', you see, that day,
Master's bonniest darlin'—down like a broken rose,
An' when she were taken from him, what 'd he do, God knows.
They thought she were dyin' that mornin'—yet master were bound to go,
Bound to leave little missie, though he loved her, loved her so.
But he were the parish doctor, an' he'd got his work to do,
An' he know'd it an' did it, God bless him! though it tore his heart in two.
All day long through the village from house to house he passed,
For that were a terrible winter, an' the folks were dyin' fast;
Went wi' his skilful hand an' his comfortin' voice an' smile,
While at home his blue-eyed darlin' lay dyin' all the while.
An' I watched him when he comes in, wi' his face so stern an' white,
Never a word he said, for he knew 'twas her last long night.
An' I prayed for our little missie, for I thought that God, mebbe,
Would hear for the sake o' master, if not for the likes o' me,
An' I made me a bed in the taflet, in a bundle o' straw an' hay,

For I couldn't go home that night, she might die while I were away.
But I hadn't been dozin' or sleepin' not more nor an hour or so,
When I hears the master callin', down in the yard below:
"Robbins! put to the horses!" I thought I was dreamin' then;
I listened—"Robbins! Robbins!" I heard him callin' agen.
An' down I goes in a minit, an' there he stood in the way,
Wi' Norman's lad wi' a lantern, as had come from Weston Bay.
We harnessed the hosses; he helped me, but never a word he said,
His hands were tremblin', I felt 'em, but his face were like the dead.
"Where be you goin', sir?" I asked him, for I couldn't believe it still;
"Why can't they wait till the mornin', wi' poor little missie so ill?
Don't leave her, sir, don't, I tell 'ee—you'll never see her no more."
"Quick! be quick!" he whispered, "there's a ship run aground at the Nore!"
I knew what that meant in a minit, as I heard the wind a-blow,
An' I thought o' the crazy vessel driftin' through wave an' snow,
Till I seemed to see her strikin' an' to hear the breakers roar,
As they dashed the half-dead bodies upon that open shore;
An' how 'ud the fishermen help 'em? What 'ud they know to do
For the lives o' these poor creatures, drippin' an' stark an' blue?

They wanted my master, I knew it, wanted the doctor's aid;
But what were twenty strangers to the life o' his little maid?
An' I begged him not to leave her. "Mebbe she'll rally," said I,
"You'd know what to do to save her if you was only by."
"Robbins," he answered, hoarsely, "we're all in God's hands to-day;
There's a wreck at the Nore, I tell you. Take hold o' the reins, I say."
"Master, forgi'e me," I muttered, "'twas all o' my foolish heart,
But let me see little missie just once afore we start,
An' I'll go to the end o' the world, wherever you wants to go,
For God will send an angel to watch in your place, I trow."

We left the boy wi' the hosses; he opened the old hall door,
An' softly we went together across the silent floor;
There were her little hat, her spade, an' her empty shoes,
I should never clean 'em no more for little missie to use;
There were the stick I'd cut her, an' the hoop as she used to bowl
Over the borders to plague me, sweet little saucy soul.
"Never no more," I said it, as we went upstairs in the gloom,
Past all the closed doors, an' came to her quiet room;
"Never no more," I knew it, as I saw her where she lay,
Wi' her pretty blue eyes closin' an' her gold hair cut away;
An' missus down on her knees wi' her arms around her tight,
As if she could not let her go on such a bitter night.
An' I kissed little missie's forehead; they didn't amind, not they,
An' missus gave me her hand, as she hadn't no word to say,

But she looked in master's eyes as if askin' him, "*Must* you go?"
God, I'd ha' given my life could I only ha' answered "No."
Then as he stooped o'er the child, she opened her blue eyes wide.
"Where are you goin', daddy? Why won't you stay?" she cried.
But he tore himself out o' her arms wi' a groan o' anguish wild,
An' he left the dear wife watchin' alone by their dyin' child,
He knew that his skill was useless, that *her* he couldn't save,
But he thought o' those poor lost creatures out in the wind an' wave.
He saw where his duty called him, an' went wi'out stint or stay
To do what he could for others—'tis allus a doctor's way!
An' down through the dark we stumbled an' out o' the open door,
An' I said in my heart—"Little missie will never be ours no more."
But up to the box I sprang, an' away like mad we sped,
An' ever the sea kep' boomin' a song o' the wrecked an' dead;
Over the downs we galloped, an' louder the breakers' roar
Seemed to be callin', callin' "A ship's run aground at the Nore!"
While another voice was moanin' all through our bitter ride,
"Where are you goin' to, daddy? Why won't you stay?" it cried.
There! there's no call to tell 'ee all as we saw that night,
The poor stark, frozen bodies, an' the fishermen dazed an' white,
An' how he worked wi' us all, wi' his cherry voice an' will,

Till we'd carried 'em up the gully to Norman's farm on the hill;
Worked till the sweat rolled down in spite o' the keen night-air,
As though he hadn't a sorrow eatin' his own heart there;
Worked at those cold, stiff limbs, wi' his strong an' tender hands,
Till the life-blood stirred an' quivered out o' its icy bands;
Worked till the still breasts trembled wi' deep an' strugglin' breath,
An' slowly their flutterin' lives came back from the jaws o' death.
Then, when the day were breakin' an' we hadn't no more to do,
We turned the hosses home'ard wi' never a word—we two.
I wanted to speak to him then, but I hadn't the heart to speak,
For I saw the tears a-rollin' down my dear master's cheek.
He saw where the sun were shinin' across the valley below,
Right on the old house-gables, makin' 'em all aglow,
Over the roofs an' chimneys, but brightest it seemed to play
On the east'ard corner window, where little missie lay.
"Quick, Robbins, quick!" he whispered; an' I think the hosses knew
How he sat wi' his heart a-breakin' as over the snow we flew.
Thud! thud! thud! rattlin' down the hill,
Roun' by the old lodge corner, faster an' faster still;
Faster; like mad they galloped, an' in at the gate we spun—
God! what was that at the window? Was that little missie gone?
Was it her spirit fled forth? An' could not his darlin' wait,
Callin' for daddy, daddy, an' had we come back too late?
In through the door he rushed wi' his tear-stained face ascare,
An' then like one in a dream I followed him up the stair;

But I stopped—for her door were open, an' there by her little bed
Master were kneelin' wi' missus! Were little missie dead?
I crept a bit closer—God bless her! I heard her gentle breath
An' I knew she were sleepin' sweetly, but not the sleep o' death.

They told me all as had happened—they scarce could speak for tears.
Mates, I shall never forget it, if I live for fifty years;
'Twere after we started together, mebbe as we got to the shore,
Missus were prayin' beside her, as she heard the tempest roar,
An' suddenly missie looked up, an' touched her mother's brow,
"God bless daddy," she whispered, "whatever he's doin' now!"
An' then it seemed she grew quiet, an' laid down her pretty head,
Drawin' her mammy's hand into her cosy bed.
An' thus, when the dawn was breakin', she fell to a sleep at last,
So calm an' still an' peaceful, they knew that the worst was past.
So down I went to the hosses, an' left 'um there alone,
For I knew 'twas her daddy she'd look for when her happy sleep were done;
An' I says to myself, "God saw him out on that bitter shore,
Knew what he did an' suffered, an' all as he bravely bore;
An' if ever He sends an angel down to this earth below
To help us to do our duty, to cheer us in want or woe,
I reckon He thought o' master as he toiled wi' his careworn face,
An' sent an angel to missie to watch in her daddie's place."

THE LAST TIME I MET LADY RUTH.

OWEN MEREDITH.

THERE are some things hard to understand,
O help me, Heaven, to trust in Thee!
But I never shall forget her soft white hand,
And her eyes when she looked at me.

It is hard to pray the very same prayer
Which once at our mother's knee we prayed—
When, where we trusted our whole heart, there
Our trust hath been betrayed.

I swear that the milk-white muslin so light
On her virgin breast, where it lay demure,
Seemed to be touched to a purer white
By the touch of a breast so pure.

I deemed her the one thing undefiled
By the air we breathe, in a world of sin;
The truest, the tenderest, purest child
A man ever trusted in!

When she blamed me (she, with her fair child's face)
That never with her to the church I went
To partake of the gospel of truth and grace,
And the Christian sacrament,

And I said I would, for her own sweet sake,
Though it was but herself I should worship there,
How that happy child's face strove to take
On its dimples a serious air!

I remember the chair she would set for me
By the flowers, when all the house was gone
To drive in the park, and I and she
Were left to be happy alone.

There she leaned her head on my knees, my Ruth,
  With the primrose loose in her half-closed hands;
And I told her tales of my wandering youth
  In the far, fair, foreign lands.

The last time I met her was here in town,
  At a fancy ball of the Duchess of D—;
On the stairs where her husband was handing her down,
  There we met and she talked to me.

She with powder in hair and patch on chin,
  And I in the garb of a pilgrim priest,
And between us both, without and within,
  A hundred years at least!

We talked of the house and the late long rains
  And the crush at the French ambassador's ball
And—well, I have not blown out my brains.
  You see I can laugh, that is all.

THE CRACK-MOUTHED FAMILY.

[Care should be taken to distinguish clearly, by intonation, the various characters in the piece. The italics in the general description are also to be characterized, the context being explicit enough to indicate the modus operandi.]

THERE used to be a family living uptown, that was known for its wonderful facial ability. The father had a protruding under-jaw, and when he talked, *he talked like this.* The mother had a receding under-jaw, and when she talked, *she talked like this.*

Their only daughter met with an accident when quite small, and her mouth was drawn down on the left side, so that when she talked, *she talked like this.* Their son unfortunately stammered so badly that often he could not talk at all, and when he attempted to do so, his lips would move *like this.*

The old gentleman kept a grocery store, and the daughter

often waited upon the customers when her father was out. One afternoon, a gentleman came in, who had a peculiar face also, for as he spoke, his mouth was drawn down on the right side, and when he talked, *he talked like this.*

Addressing her he said, "I'd like to get a pound of tea."

She at once said, "What are you mawkin' me for?"

"I ain't mawkin' you."

"Yes, you are mawkin' me."

"No, I ain't, I was born so; can't talk any other way. I always did talk this way."

"I don't believe it. You're mawkin' me, and I'll call my pa and have him tend to you for mawkin' me."

Stepping to the door, she called to her father: "Pa, come down here. There is a man down here mawkin' me."

A few moments later, the old man put in an appearance, and promptly asked: "What do you mean by mawkin' my daughter?"

"I ain't mawkin' your daughter."

"Yes, he is mawkin' me."

"I ain't."

"Yes, you are."

"I tell you I ain't, I was born so, always did talk so, never talked any other way."

"Well," said her paternal, "if you always did talk so, and can't talk any other way, and was born so, you're the only two people I ever saw who talked so, and I think you ought to get married."

"Well, I'll marry her if she'll have me."

"Well, I'll have 'im."

So it was settled and they were married, and contrary to the general order of things, the entire family went on the wedding-tour. The honeymoon had been a pleasant one. They were stopping at a country inn one night, where they used candles, and upon retiring, the groom attempted to blow out the candle, and he blew, blew, and blew.

"Let me try, dearest," said the loving bride, and taking

the candle, she blew, and blew, and blew, and not succeeding, they became frightened, and she ran to her father's room, saying: "Pa, come down to our room—quick, the house is haunted, we can't blow out the candle."

So pa came down and said: "What's the matter with you, can't blow out the candle. Nice pair you are. Give me that candle," and taking it and holding it even with his nose, he blew it out with little trouble.

THE FAIRIES.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

UP the airy mountain, down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting for fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together;
Green Jacket, Red Cap, and White Owl's Feather.

Down along the rocky shore some make their home;
They live on crispy pancakes of yellow tide foam;
Some in the reeds of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs, all night awake.

They stole little Bridget for seven years long;
When she came down again her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep, but she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag leaves, watching till she wakes.

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THE RHYME OF JENNIE EAGLEHART.

O GENTLE Jennie Eaglehart, I know not where you be,
Upon the Scottish highlands or on the Indian sea,
But I'll make a bonnie song for you wherever you may be,
And when your English lover, across the stormy main,
Shall bring you to these pleasant skies and this green land again,
You'll find this song I've made for you, and you across the main!

O gentle Jennie Eaglehart, I know when you were born;
The rain beat down the gentians and bent the yellow corn
That summer night, but heav'n did break upon the world that morn,
For in the rain and in the wind a little bird did sing—
A little bird from Paradise with love beneath its wing!
Oh, in the wind and in the rain a little bird did sing—
A little blossom of a girl some spirit up above
Let drop by chance into the world. A boon of ripened love
To teach us how the angels speak, and how the angels move!

At first those tiny baby-hands, rose-colored like sea-shells,
Could scarcely crush the violets to rob them of their smells;
Or shake the trembling dew from out the lilies' spangled bells.
But, by-and-by, you grew so tall—your sunny eyes of blue
Just peeped about the rose-bush that in the garden grew—
And then the early holly-hocks were not so tall as you!
And how you grew! Ah, heav'n, it was a holy thing to see
Such goodness growing on the earth where sin and sorrow be,—
An angel in the bud—in faith, half-blown divinity!

And while you ran from grade to grade of perfectness, I went
Beyond the seas, to perilous lands by Arab mosque and tent,

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went.
Oh, often in the breathless night, beneath the Orient skies,
I thought of you—I dreamed of you—and with a thousand
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I blessed you for your bonnie mouth and for your winsome
eyes.
Time fled, and I had gold enough to live on many a year.
I yearned to see my native land and all my heart held dear;
And to live the dream that I had dreamed for many and
many a year.
Again I saw the chalky cliffs rise from the purple sea,
We swept across the harbor-bar—we swept right gallantly.
We passed the lighthouse and the fort, and the kirk upon
the lea.

O how the blood leaped in my veins, and how my heart did
beat
As I ran 'cross Philip's bridge to your garden gate, my
sweet!
How the gossips stood, as the sun-burnt man strode through
the village street.
Ah, dainty Jennie Eaglehart, I found you grown so fair!
A deeper crimson touched your mouth and a darker gold
your hair—
I dared not kiss you, Jennie dear, you'd such a queenly air,
When I left you for the far-off land, you were but a child,
you know;
A woman now—so changed—so changed! Did I love you
less? Ah, no!
But I dared not hold you on my knee as I used to, long
ago!

O tell me, Jennie Eaglehart, if you remember still
The woodlands that we rambled through, and the tumble-
down old mill,
And the silvery brook you waded in at the foot of Stratham
hill?

I've seen the sunken cities that lie across the sea,
Herculaneum and Pompeii and the mighty ruins that be,
But the ruined mill on Stratham hill is a sweeter thought to me.
But let it go. I sat and told the sights that I had seen
(To please your father,—good old man—long be his memory green!)—
The dim seraglios of the East, and the tomb of Egypt's queen.
And when I showed the trinkets that I had brought for you,
The lucent garnet's heart of fire, and the opal's frozen dew,
And the necklace that would match so well a pair of eyes I knew—
Then said your father, holding them above your bonnie head,
"You shall not wear these, Jennie dear, until the day you wed;
The earl will thank you, Ralph, for this!" "The earl! the earl!" I said.

O God, that broke the dream I dreamed for many and many a year.
I loved you, Jennie Eaglehart! God pardon me if I
Should let this bitter love come in between me and the sky—
But I loved you—and I love you still, with a love that cannot die!
And when upon that morn in May I heard your marriage bell
I thought an angel in the clouds was singing to me in hell.
'Twas a chime for the earl but a toll for me, that the ringers rang so well.
O never, never any more shall I hold you to my breast,
You come not—and my soul draws near to the mansions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.
When the heavy vines in summer above my grave shall curl,

Will you stand there once, just once, Jennie, and say to your noble earl,
"Here lies the thoughtless loyal boy who loved me when a girl."

A MATRIMONIAL CONTROVERSY.

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"Richard, do you want anything?"

"Yes, I do!" he yelled back. "I want to know where in Texas that corkscrew is?"

"Corkscrew, Richard?"

"Yes, corkscrew, Richard! I've looked the house over, and can't find it."

"Why, we never had one, Richard."

"Didn't, eh? We've had a dozen of 'em in the last two years, and I bought one not four weeks ago. It's always the way when I want anything."

"But you must be out of your head, Richard," she said, as she descended the stairs. "We've kept house seven years, and I never remember seeing you bring a corkscrew home."

"Oh, yes, I'm out of my head, I am!" he grumbled, as he pulled out the sewing-machine drawer and turned over its contents. "Perhaps I'd better go to the lunatic asylum right away."

"Well, Richard, I know that I've never seen a corkscrew in this house."

"Then you are as blind as an owl in daylight, for I've sought for it [illegible]. The house is always upside down, anyhow, and I never can find anything."

"The house is as well kept as any of your folks can keep theirs," he retorted, growing red in the face.

"I'll take my mother here to show you a few things," he said, as he stretched his neck to look on the high shelf in the pantry.

"You are she'll hold her spectacles with the potatoes again," answered the wife.

"Do you know who you are talking to?" he yelled as he jumped down.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, you'll be going for York State if you don't look out."

"I'd like to see myself! When I go this house goes!"

"Look out, Nancy!"

"I'm afraid of no man that lives, Richard Throcton!"

"I'll leave you!"

"And I'll laugh to see you go!"

Going close up to her he extended his finger, shook it to emphasize his words, and said slowly:

"Nancy Throcton, I'll apply for a divorce to-morrow! I'll tell the judge that I kindly and lovingly asked you where the gimlet was, and you said we'd never had one in the house which is a base falsehood, as I can prove!"

"Gimlet!" she gasped.

"Yes, gimlet!"

"Why, I know where there are three or four. You said corkscrew."

"Did I?" he gasped, sitting down on the corner of the table. "Well, now, I believe I did!"

"And you went and abused me like a slave because I wouldn't say a gimlet was a corkscrew!" she sobbed, falling on the lounge.

"Nancy," he said, tenderly, lifting her up.

"O Richard!" she chokingly answered.

"Nancy, I'll go right outdoors and kill myself!"

"No, you needn't—I love you still!—only—only—you know a gimlet is not a corkscrew!"

"It ain't—it ain't, Nancy; forgimme, and let's be happy."

And that household is so quietly happy that a canary bird would sing its head off if it hung up in the hall.

THE LOST LEADER.

ROBERT BROWNING.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
  Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
  Lost all the others, she lets us devote.
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
  So much was theirs was so little allowed.
How all our copper had gone for his service!
  Rags—were they purple his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so followed him, honored him,
  Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
  Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
  Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
  He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not through his presence;
  Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
  Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire;

Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
  One task more declined, one more footpath untrod.
One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
  One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins. Let him never come back to us!
  There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
  Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
  Meanace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
  Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

THE TEARS OF TULLIA.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

ROME shook with tyrannies. A bloated face,
  Vile for all vices that debase,
Glowered and menaced from the imperial place.
Men said "Caligula" below their breath,
Shivering, as one that faintly saith
In some new, deadlier way the old word "death."
And yet, even he, Caligula, could feel
Moods to his fiend-swayed soul appeal
Wherefrom the shadow of clemency would steal.
By some caprice no courtier could explain,
He looked with favor,
On Livius, a young noble of his train.
When weary of insult, lechery, murder, all
Wherewith his madness held in thrall
Rome's cringing crowd, on Livius he would call.
From the massed purple cushions where he lay,
"Read me some poet," he would say,
"My Livius, in your wise melodious way."

Then the youth, bowing with complaisance meek,
In lute-like tones would speak
Line after line from Homer's golden Greek.
And once, when, kneeling at the tyrant's knee,
Rapt by unwonted passion, he
Had read the dark wrongs of Andromache,
Caligula half raised his drowsy head,
And with a smile men quaked at, said,
"My Livius, thou has eloquently read!
None but a lover could so treat this theme;
And thou, if rightly I deem,
Hast felt the full, deep sorcery of love's dream.
They say thou hast loved, from boyhood sheer till now,
Tullia, the maid with vestal brow,
Patrician Publius' grandchild, and dost vow
Unflinching virtue, continence complete,
Till thou and she in marriage-bonds may meet?
Nay, Livius, dost thou love this maid so well?
I charge thee, in all fair frankness tell
How strong is thy subservience to her spell!"
Then, smitten as by the pang that barbs a spear,
Livius felt throes of mortal fear,
Not for himself, but one divinely dear,
And thrilled as he murmured, "Emperor, if the sky
Made every star that hangs on high
A word of fire for me to answer by,
Still, vainly, in spite of such all-grasping speech,
My love for Tullia could I teach—
Its force, its faith, its rapture, and its reach!"
So spake the youth tumultuously. A frown
Dragged the prone despot's eyebrows down.
"Such love," he sneered, "my Livius, courts renown?
What say'st thou if I seek a way to prove
This vaunted value of thy love,
And how its flames lesser lights doth dart above?
And prove to me, to all men, past a doubt,
That adoration thus devout

often waited upon the customers when her father was out. One afternoon, a gentleman came in, who had a peculiar face also, for as he spoke, his mouth was drawn down on the right side, and when he talked, *he talked like this.*

Addressing her he said, "I'd like to get a pound of tea."

She at once said, "What are you mawkin' me for?"

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Stepping to the door, she called to her father: "Pa, come down here. There is a man down here mawkin' me."

A few moments later, the old man put in an appearance, and promptly asked: "What do you mean by mawkin' my daughter?"

"I ain't mawkin' your daughter."

"Yes, he is mawkin' me."

"I ain't."

"Yes, you are."

"I tell you I ain't, I was born so, always did talk so, never talked any other way."

"Well," said her paternal, "if you always did talk so, and can't talk any other way, and was born so, you're the only two people I ever saw who talked so, and I think you ought to get married."

"Well, I'll marry her if she'll have me."

"Well, I'll have 'im."

So it was settled and they were married, and contrary to the general order of things, the entire family went on the wedding-tour. The honeymoon had been a pleasant one. They were stopping at a country inn one night, where they used candles, and upon retiring, the groom attempted to blow out the candle, and he blew, blew, and blew.

"Let me try, dearest," said the loving bride, and taking

the candle, she blew, and blew, and blew, and not succeeding, they became frightened, and she ran to her father's room, saying: "Pa, come down to our room—quick, the house is haunted, we can't blow out the candle."

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THE FAIRIES.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

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Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together;
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"Corkscrew, Richard?"

"Yes, corkscrew, Richard! I've looked the house over, and can't find it."

"Why, we never had one, Richard."

"Didn't, eh? We've had a dozen of 'em in the last two years, and I bought one not four weeks ago. It's always the way when I want anything."

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ROBERT BROWNING.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
  Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
  Lost all the others, she lets us devote.
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
  So much was theirs was so little allowed.
How all our copper had gone for his service!
  Rags—were they purple his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so followed him, honored him,
  Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
  Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
  Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
  He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not through his presence;
  Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
  Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire;

Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
  One task more declined, one more footpath untrod.
One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
  One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins. Let him never come back to us!
  There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
  Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
  Meanace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
  Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

THE TEARS OF TULLIA.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

ROME shook with tyrannies. A bloated face,
  Vile for all vices that debase,
Glowered and menaced from the imperial place.
Men said "Caligula" below their breath,
Shivering, as one that faintly saith
In some new, deadlier way the old word "death."
And yet, even he, Caligula, could feel
Moods to his fiend-swayed soul appeal
Wherefrom the shadow of clemency would steal.
By some caprice no courtier could explain,
He looked with favor,
On Livius, a young noble of his train.
When weary of insult, lechery, murder, all
Wherewith his madness held in thrall
Rome's cringing crowd, on Livius he would call.
From the massed purple cushions where he lay,
"Read me some poet," he would say,
"My Livius, in your wise melodious way."

Then the youth, bowing with complaisance meek,
In lute-like tones would speak
Line after line from Homer's golden Greek.
And once, when, kneeling at the tyrant's knee,
Rapt by unwonted passion, he
Had read the dark wrongs of Andromache,
Caligula half raised his drowsy head,
And with a smile men quaked at, said,
"My Livius, thou has eloquently read!
None but a lover could so treat this theme;
And thou, if rightly I deem,
Hast felt the full, deep sorcery of love's dream.
They say thou hast loved, from boyhood sheer till now,
Tullia, the maid with vestal brow,
Patrician Publius' grandchild, and dost vow
Unflinching virtue, continence complete,
Till thou and she in marriage-bonds may meet?
Nay, Livius, dost thou love this maid so well?
I charge thee, in all fair frankness tell
How strong is thy subservience to her spell!"
Then, smitten as by the pang that barbs a spear,
Livius felt throes of mortal fear,
Not for himself, but one divinely dear,
And thrilled as he murmured, "Emperor, if the sky
Made every star that hangs on high
A word of fire for me to answer by,
Still, vainly, in spite of such all-grasping speech,
My love for Tullia could I teach—
Its force, its faith, its rapture, and its reach!"
So spake the youth tumultuously. A frown
Dragged the prone despot's eyebrows down.
"Such love," he sneered, "my Livius, courts renown?
What say'st thou if I seek a way to prove
This vaunted value of thy love,
And how its flames lesser lights doth dart above?
And prove to me, to all men, past a doubt,
That adoration thus devout

Blindfold may trace its precious object out? "
Pale turned young Livius, understanding not,
Dreading some despicable plot,
While from the emperor's lips bleak laughter shot.
" Go! " cried Caligula. A moment more,
And arms of strong slaves, by the score,
Had pushed poor Livius past the tyrant's door.
Alone they left him in a spacious hall,
Brooding on what grim doom might fall,
Till, at the close of one slow hour, he heard
The bolts that held him captive stirred,
Obedient to Caligula's loud word.
Then, with a smile where sly derision slept,
The emperor past the portal stept,
And straightway two stout minions lightly leapt
Toward Livius; o'er his eyes with speed they rolled
A bandage of such envious fold
That by quick night all vision was controlled.
" So Tullia dies not with me," thought he, " I shall bless
Calamity for its kindliness.
Fate, work your worst, I garner consolation from distress! "
But even as thus he mused, the air with sound
Of numerous footfalls did abound,
And through the wide-flung door, with timorous tread,
Came twenty as bloomful maidens as the dome
Of lucid heaven o'erarching Rome
Had ever beamed on;
Now rose the tyrant's voice, that seemed to kill
The silence brutishly.
" Livius," its words came, " with a poet's tongue
Hast thou belauded Tullia, young,
Radiant, thy love; but here in beauty among
A sisterhood of other beauteous mates,
Thy recognition she awaits,
Thy swift intuitive welcome supplicates.
Let now this boasted adoration dare
Its magic energy declare;

I bid thee touch on brow, cheek, eyelids, hair,
Each maiden of these assembled, till thou find
The love's enchantress of thy mind,
Being blind thyself as Love, thy god, is blind.
Yet if by touch of hand upon her face
Thou failest, love-sick boy, to trace
Rightly her lineaments, not mere disgrace
May wreak revenge on thy rash head, but she,
Tullia, and thou, her choice, must be
Bound each to other and cast within the sea!"
The looks of all save Livius now were turned
On Tullia, whose amazed eyes burned
With agony, then with adjuration yearned;
Scorn answered only from the emperor's gaze.
Fierce to the grouped girls rang his phrase:
"One after one, seek Livius, till he lays
A hand upon your faces dusk or fair,
Searching for his lost Tullia there
In each! Obey me, or falter if ye dare!"
None dared to falter; slowly all gathered near
Livius, who stood with mien austere,
That told what pain must make his veiled eyes drear;
Eager and yet with impotence he sought!
Face after face, being swept, brought
But worse confusion to his laboring thought.
"I cannot find thee, Tullia!" rose his cry,
Freighted with torture. "We will die
Together and curse the gods with our last sigh!"
And yet even here, while thick sweat damped his brow,
A courage tyranny could not bow
Nerved him once more and made him sweep forth, now,
For the last time, to the last face, his hand;
Then suddenly, as by joy unmanned,
He shouted, "Pitying gods, I understand!
These tears have told me! Look, my hand is wet
With their sweet testimony! I set
My life and hers on the dear amulet

Their tidings proffer! None has wept but she!
I have found thee, Tullia! Love's decree
Can teach even blindness a new way to see!"
Before his final word impetuous wrung,
Poor Tullia with loud sobs had sprung
To clasp his neck, had wildly about it clung.
So cruelty had been slain by love; and they
Who saw Caligula that day,
Clothed in atrocity, were still wont to say
That just when Livius found the face he sought,
Tears also from the emperor fell.

MR. WINKLE'S ADVENTURE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Arranged from "Pickwick Papers."

THE travelers' room at the White Horse Cellar is very uncomfortable; it would be no travelers' room if it were not. It is divided into boxes for the solitary confinement of travelers, and is furnished with a clock, a looking-glass, and a live waiter, which latter article is kept in a small kennel for washing glasses, in a corner of the room.

One of these boxes was occupied, on this particular occasion, by a stern-eyed man of about five-and-forty, who had a bald and glossy forehead, and large black whiskers. He looked up from his breakfast as Mr. Pickwick entered, with a fierce and peremptory air; and having scrutinized that gentleman and his companions to his entire satisfaction, hummed a tune in a manner which seemed to say that he rather suspected somebody wanted to take advantage of him, but it wouldn't do.

"I wonder whereabouts in Bath this coach puts up," said Mr. Pickwick, mildly addressing Mr. Winkle.

"Hum—eh—what's that?" said the strange man.

"I made an observation to my friend, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick, always ready to enter into conversation. "I wondered at what house the Bath coach puts up. Perhaps you can inform me."

"Are you going to Bath?" said the strange man.

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"And those other gentlemen?"

"They are going also," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Not inside—you're not going inside," said the stranger.

"Not all of us," said Mr. Pickwick.

"No, not all of you," said the strange man, emphatically. "I've taken two places. If they try to squeeze six people into an infernal box that only holds four, I'll take a post-chaise and bring an action. I've paid my fare. It won't do; I told the clerk when I took my places that it wouldn't do. I know these things have been done. I know they are done every day; but *I* never was done, and I never will be. Those who know me best best know it; crush *me!*"

Here the fierce gentleman rang the bell with great violence, and told the waiter he'd better bring some toast in five seconds, or he'd know the reason why.

"My good sir," said Mr. Pickwick, "you will allow me to observe that this is a very unnecessary display of excitement. I have only taken places inside for two."

"I am glad to hear it," said the fierce man. "I withdraw my expressions. I tender an apology. There's my card. Give me your acquaintance."

"With great pleasure, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick. "We are to be fellow-travelers, and I hope we shall find each other's society mutually agreeable."

"I hope we shall," said the fierce gentleman. "I know we shall. I like your looks; they please me. Gentlemen, your hands and names. Know me."

Of course, an interchange of friendly salutations followed this gracious speech. The fierce gentleman immediately proceeded to inform the friends, in the same short, abrupt, jerking sentences, that his name was "Dowler;" that he was

going to Bath on pleasure; that he was formerly in the army; that he had now set up in business as a gentleman; that he lived upon the profits; and that the individual for whom the second place was taken was a personage no less illustrious than Mrs. Dowler, his wife.

"She's a fine woman," said Mr. Dowler. "I am proud of her. I have reason."

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of judging?" said Mr. Pickwick, with a smile.

"You shall," replied Dowler. "She shall know you. She shall esteem you. I courted her under singular circumstances. I won her through a rash vow. Thus: I saw her; I loved her; I proposed; she refused me.—'You love another?'—'Spare my blushes.'—'I know him.'—'You do.'—'Very good; if he remains here, I'll skin him.'"

"Lord bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, involuntarily.

"Did you skin the gentleman, sir?" inquired Mr. Winkle, with a very pale face.

"I wrote him a note. I said it was a painful thing. So it was."

"Certainly," interposed Mr. Winkle.

"I said I had pledged my word as a gentleman to skin him. My character was at stake. I had no alternative. As an officer in his majesty's service, I was bound to skin him. I regretted the necessity, but it must be done. He was open to conviction. He saw that the rules of the service were imperative. He fled. I married her. Here's the coach, and that's her head."

As Mr. Dowler concluded, he pointed to a stage which had just driven up, from the open window of which, a rather pretty face in a bright blue bonnet was looking among the crowd on the pavement, most probably for the rash man himself. Mr. Dowler paid his bill and hurried out with his traveling-cap, coat, and cloak; and Mr. Pickwick and his friends followed to secure their places.

As Mr. Pickwick contemplated a stay of at least two months in Bath, he deemed it advisable to take private lodg-

ings for himself and friends for that period; and as a favorable opportunity offered for their securing, on moderate terms, the upper portion of a house in the Royal Crescent, which was larger than they required, Mr. and Mrs. Dowler offered to relieve them of a bedroom and a sitting-room. This proposition was at once accepted, and in three days' time they were all located in their new abode; when Mr. Pickwick began to drink the mineral waters of the place with the utmost assiduity. Mr. Pickwick took them systematically. He drank a quarter of a pint before breakfast, and then walked up a hill; and another quarter of a pint after breakfast, and then walked down a hill; and after every fresh quarter of a pint, Mr. Pickwick declared, in the most solemn and emphatic terms, that he felt a great deal better; whereat his friends were very much delighted, though they had not been previously aware that there was anything the matter with him.

Mr. Pickwick was sitting up by himself one night, after a day spent in this manner, making entries in his diary, his friends having retired to bed, when he was roused by a gentle tap at the room door.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Mrs. Craddock, the landlady, peeping in; "but *did* you want anything more, sir?"

"Nothing more, ma'am," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"My young girl is gone to bed, sir," said Mrs. Craddock, "and Mr. Dowler is good enough to say that he'll sit up for Mrs. Dowler, as she's gone to a party, and that isn't expected to be over till late; so I was thinking that if you wanted nothing more, Mr. Pickwick, I would go to bed."

"By all means, ma'am," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Wish you good night, sir," said Mrs. Craddock.

"Good night, ma'am," rejoined Mr. Pickwick.

Mrs. Craddock closed the door, and Mr. Pickwick resumed his writing.

In half an hour's time the entries were concluded. Mr. Pickwick yawned several times, and then, with a counte-

all this time, he had held above his head, and fairly bolted into the sedan-chair where Mrs. Dowler was.

Now, Mrs. Craddock had heard the knocking and the voices at last; and only waiting to put something smarter on her head than her night-cap, ran down into the front drawing-room to make sure that it was the right party. Throwing up the window-sash as Mr. Winkle was rushing into the chair, she no sooner caught sight of what was going forward below, than she raised a vehement and dismal shriek, and implored Mr. Dowler to get up directly, for his wife was running away with another gentleman.

Upon this, Mr. Dowler bounced off the bed as abruptly as an india-rubber ball, and rushing into the front room, arrived at one window just as Mr. Pickwick threw up the the other, when the first object that met the gaze of both was Mr. Winkle bolting into the sedan-chair.

"Watchman," shouted Dowler, furiously; "stop him—hold him—keep him tight—shut him in, till I come down. I'll cut his throat—give me a knife—from ear to ear, Mrs. Craddock, I will!" and breaking from the shrieking landlady and from Mr. Pickwick, the indignant husband seized a small supper-knife, and tore into the street.

But Mr. Winkle didn't wait for him. He no sooner heard the horrible threat of the valorous Dowler, than he bounced out of the sedan, quite as quickly as he had bounced in, and throwing off his slippers into the road, took to his heels, and tore round the Crescent, hotly pursued by Dowler and the watchman. He kept ahead; the door was opened as he came round the second time; he rushed in, slammed it in Dowler's face, mounted to his bedroom, locked the door, and piled a washstand, chest of drawers, and table against it.

A FELLOW that married a shrew once said:

"Woman's love is like Scotch snuff,
We get one pinch, and that's enough."

THE DEATH OF ARNKEL.

EDMUND GOSSE.

ACROSS the roaring board in Helgafell,
Above the clash of ringing horns of ale,
The guests of Snorri, reddened with the frost,
Weighed all their comrades through a winter night,
Disputing which was first in thew and brain,
And courteous acts of manhood. Some averred
Their host, the shifty Snorri, first of men,
While some were bent to Arnkel, some to Styrr.
Then Thorleif Kimbi shouted down the hall:
"Folly and windy talk! The stalwart limbs
Of Styrr, and that sharp, goodly face of thine,
All-cunning Snorri, make one man, not twain,—
One man in friendship and in rede, not twain—
Nor that man worthy to be named for skill,
Or strength, or beauty, or for popular arts,
With Arnkel, son of Thorolf, the grim ghost.
Wit has he, though not lacking therewithal
In sinew. See to it, comrades, lest he crush
The savage leaders of our oligarchy,—
Vast, indolent, mere iron masks of men,
Unfit for civic uses. His the hand
To gather all our forces like the reins
Of patient steeds, and drive us at his will,
Unless we stir betimes, and are his bane."

So, from his turbulent mouth the shaft struck home,
Venomed with envy and the jealous pride
Of birth; and ere they roared themselves to rest,
The chieftains vowed that Arnkel must be slain.
Nor waited many days; for one clear night
Freystein, the spy, as near his sheep he watched,

all this time, he had held above his head, and fairly bolted into the sedan-chair where Mrs. Dowler was.

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Saw Arnkel fetching hay from Orlygstad,
With three young thralls of his own household folk,
And left the fold, and crept across the fell,
And wakened from their first sweet midnight sleep
The sons of Thorbrand, and went on, and roused
Snorri, who dreamed of blood and dear revenge.
Then, through the frosty moonlit night they sped,
Warmed to the heart with hopes of murderous play,
Nine men from Snorri's house; and by the sea
At Alptafjord they met the six men armed
With Thorlief. Scarcely greeted they, but skimmed
Along the black shore of the flashing fjord,
Lit by the large moon in a cloudless sky;
Over the swelling, waving ice they flew,
Grinding the tufts of grass beneath their sleighs,
So silent, that the twigs of juniper
Snapped under them, sharp, like a cracking whip,
Echoing. And so to Orlygstad they came.
But Arnkel saw them through the cold, bright air,
And turned, and bade the three young thralls haste
home,
To bring back others of their kith to fight.
So, maddened by base fear, they rushed, and one,
Or ever he neared the homestead, as he fled,
Slipped on the forehead of a mountain-force,
And volleying down from icy plane to plane,
Woke all the echoes of that waterfall,
And died, while numb with fright the others ran.

But Arnkel bowed, and loosened from his sleigh
The iron runner with its shining point,
And leaped upon the fence, and set his back
Against the hay-stack. Through the frosty night
Its warm, deep odor passed into his brain.
But Snorri and his fellows with no word
Sprang from their sleighs, and met below the fence,
And reaching upward with their brawny arms,

Smote hard at Arnkel. With the runner he,
Cleaving with both hands, parried blow on blow,
Till, shaft by shaft, their spears splintered and snapped;
Nor would they yet have reached him, but that he,
Gathering a mighty stroke at Thorlief's head,
Dashed down his runner on the icy fence
And shivered it, while backward Thorleif fell,
Bending the slimness of his supple loins,
Unwounded. Then a moment's space they stood
Silent. Then from the hay-stack at his back
His glittering sword and buckler Arnkel seized,
And like a wild cat clomb the stack, and stood
Thigh-deep astride upon the quivering hay,
Raining down thrusts and blinding all his foes
With moony lightnings from the flashing steel.
But Thorleif clambered up behind his back;
And Snorri, with his shield before his face,
Harried him through the wavering veil of hay;
And Styrr, like some great monster of the falls,
Swayed his huge broadsword in his knotted fists,
And swept it, singing, through the helm and brain,
And deep sank Arnkel on the bloody stack.

They wrapped his corse in hay, and left him there;
To whom within the silence of the night
Came that dark ghost, his father, whose black face
Affrights the maidens in the milking-stead;
And till afar along the frozen road
The tinkling of the sleighs he heard, and knew
That all too late, the thralls of Arnkel came.
He hung above the body of his son,
Casting no shadow in the dazzling moon,
Cursing the gods with inarticulate voice,
And cursing that too-envious mood of men
That brooks no towering excellence, nor heeds
Virtue, nor welfare of th' unsceptred state.

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FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

CLIFFORD HARRISON.

[These lines were written on an incident of the Russian campaign under Napoleon in the winter of 1812. The young Prince Emilius, of Hesse-Darmstadt, was one of Napoleon's allies, and had led to the field in his service a thousand of his own men. After the burning of Moscow, he shared in the terrible retreat. Pursued by the Russians, they marched for days through the snow-drifted forests and plains, until of the thousand men ten alone remained. These lines are supposed to take up the story after the men have been wandering for days in the snow.—C. H.]

ON in the snow—on in the snow—
Blinded and numbed, the soldiers go.
With footfall silenter than theirs
Death dogs their steps, and, unawares,
Strikes down his victims, one by one.
Pursuit is distanced, doom begun.
Frost-bitten fingers, stiff with cold,
Seem frozen to the gun they hold.
The icicles hang on beard and hair;
The breath like smoke goes out in the air,
Till reason and thought begin to wane,
And only the dull, blind sense of pain,
And the instinct of duty till death, remain.
On in the snow—on in the snow—
The cruel, drifting, deadly snow—
They march in silence, with muffled tread,
Till one of them stumbles and drops behind,
dead!
And the others shudder, and glance around—
For they hear, growing nearer, an ominous sound
In the woods—the dismal howl
Of the wolves that after them stealthily prowl.
By open waste, by dreary wood,
By rivers black and frozen flood,
On in the snow—on in the snow—
Ever, with thinning ranks, they go.

The Prince Emilius looked on his band,

And his heart seemed like to break.
These were the men, who, for his sake,
Had left their fatherland,
A thousand men in all,
To follow his bugle-call,
Three months before! A thousand men—
And of that thousand now he counted ten!

"Halt!" cried the Prince. The spectral band
Stood still, awaiting his command.
With tight-clenched hands Emilius stood.
Far off, a wolf howled in the wood,
And one lad, leaning on his comrade's arm,
Cried out he saw his home, the farm,
The sunny hill-slope clothed with vine,
And heard the murmur of the Rhine!
He called his sweetheart's name, and then
Fell prone. And, looking on his men,
The Prince said, "It is best we face
The truth. We shall not leave this place.
The end has come. God knoweth best.
To live we must have rest—to rest
Is death. Together let us die.
See! yonder empty hut close by—
Thither let us repair—and sleep.
Our slumber will be long and deep!
'Tis worse than useless, further strife!
You well have borne your part in life;
Bear it in death as well. On high,
Perchance, I'll rise to testify
To your unflinching loyalty.
My brothers! though we lay us down
Defeated, and without renown,
There we shall wear the victor's crown."
Silent they stood, and silently they heard.
They could not answer, none could speak a word,

But when, "Is it agreed?" Emilius said,
Each man looked up at him, and bowed the head.

Then Prince Emilius went to every man,
Slim youth, or stern-browed veteran,
And kissed him, holding fast his hand.
He dare not speak lest he should be unmanned.
So, moving toward the hut, he pushed the door
Open; then looking on them all once more,
He flung himself upon the cold earth floor.
He heard the soldiers pause outside the hut,—
They came in slowly,—then the door was shut—
And all grew still and dark as death.
Soon as they heard the deep-drawn breath
Which told them Prince Emilius slept
(For they a wakeful watch had kept),
They all rose up, and softly crept
Up toward the sleeping man.
For even in the moment's span
Ere they came in, they'd laid their plan
In hurried whispers. Each began
To strip off coat and cloak. This done,
They placed them lightly, one by one,
Upon the young prince lying there.
They shivered in the icy air;
But round and over him they laid
Their own warm clothes until they made
A covering that might frost defy.
Then they crept out all silently
And in the snow, beneath that freezing sky,
Some hand in hand,—all clustered near the door—
They laid them down and slept—to wake no more.

The long, still hours of sleep,
Silence, and darkness deep,
Seemed frozen into endless night.
Over the sky a cold, sad light

Had turned the world to death-like gray,
When the Prince woke. Another day!
Is it a dream? He looks around.
Alone! He calls. No answer—not a sound!
How has he lived through all the night,
And how withstood the deadly blight
Of frost as he lay there asleep?
What's this? He lies beneath a heap
Of cloaks and coats! In heart and limb
He feels new life. His senses swim,—
A sudden light breaks in on him;
He struggles up from off the floor;
He staggers quickly toward the door—
He bursts it open—rushes out—and lo,
The men, half-naked, in the shroud-like snow!
In one swift glance he reads the truth, and then
The cry goes up, "My men! my faithful men!"

Faithful, and not in vain! As if their thought
Its own fulfilment wrought
By sheer intensity and strength,
The rescue came at length.
French soldiers, ere the hour was gone,
Came past, and with them he went on.
For him thus saved the years to come
Brought light and honor without stain;
And shouts of welcome brought him home
In triumph to his own again.
Yet oft, in golden summer-time,
In his own Rhineland, when his ears
Would catch the well-remembered chime
Of bells he knew in boyhood's years;
Or from the hillside clothed with vine,
He saw afar the sunlight shine
Upon the waters of the Rhine;
His eyes would fill with sudden tears,
And he would see that hut that stood

Deep in the rugged Russian wood;
And, by the hut, One all in white,
Upon whose brows an aureole light
Would from the skies descend;
Who slowly o'er the earth would bend
And write upon the shroud-like snow:
"For greater love no man can show
Than lay his life down for his friend."

THE STORY OF RUTH BONYTHON.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Arranged from "Mogg Megone."

WHO stands on that cliff, like a figure of stone,
Unmoving and tall in the light of the sky,
Where the spray of the cataract sparkles on high,
Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Megone?

What seeks Megone? His foes are near—
Gray Jocelyn's eye is never sleeping,
And the garrison lights are burning clear,
Where Phillip's men their watch are keeping.
Let him hie him away through the dank river-fog,
Never rustling the boughs nor displacing the rocks,
For the eyes and the ears which are watching for Mogg
Are keener than those of the wolf or the fox.

He starts—there's a rustle among the leaves;
Another—the click of his gun is heard!
A footstep—is it the step of Cleaves,
With Indian blood on his English sword?
Has Scamman, versed in Indian wile,
For vengeance left his vine-hung isle?
Hark! at that whistle, soft and low,

How lights the eye of Mogg Megone!
A smile gleams o'er his dusky brow—
"Boon welcome, Johnny Bonython!"

Out steps, with cautious foot and slow,
And quick, keen glances to and fro,
The hunted outlaw, Bonython!
A low, lean, swarthy man is he,
With blanket-garb and buskined knee,
And naught of English fashion on;
For he hates the race from whence he sprung,
And he couches his words in the Indian tongue.
"Sachem!" he says, "let me have the land
Which stretches away upon either hand
As far about as my feet can stray
In the half of a gentle summer's day,
From the leaping brook to the Saco river,
And the fair-haired girl thou hast sought of me
Shall sit in the Sachem's wigwam, and be
The wife of Mogg Megone forever."

There's a sudden light in the Indian's glance,
A moment's trace of powerful feeling,—
Of love or triumph, or both, perchance,
Over his proud, calm features stealing.
"The words of my father are very good;
He shall have the land and water and wood;
But where is my father's singing-bird?
I know I have my father's word,
And that his word is good and fair;
But will my father tell me where
Megone shall go and look for his bride,
For he sees her not at her father's side."
"Does the Sachem doubt! Let him go with me,
And the eyes of the Sachem his bride shall see."

A cottage hidden in the wood—
Red through its seams a light is glowing,

On rock, and bough, and tree-trunk rude,
A narrow lustre throwing.
"Who's there?" a clear, firm voice demands.
"Hold, Ruth, 'tis I, the Sagamore!"
Quick, at the summons, hasty hands
Unclose the bolted door;
And on the outlaw's daughter shine
The flashes of the kindled pine.

Tall and erect the maiden stands,
Like some young priestess of the wood,
Some creature born of solitude,
And bearing still the wild and rude
Yet noble trace of nature's hands.
And seldom in hall or court are seen
So queenly a form and so noble a mien,
As freely and smiling she welcomes them there—
Her outlawed sire and Mogg Megone:

"Pray, father, how does thy hunting fare?
And, Sachem, say,—does Scamman wear,
In spite of thy promise, a scalp of his own?"
Hurried and light is the maiden's tone,
But a fearful meaning lurks within
Her glance, as it questions the eye of Megone—
An awful meaning of guilt and sin!
The Indian has opened his blanket, and there
Hangs a human scalp, by its long, damp hair!

Ah, God have mercy! that maiden's fingers
Are touching the scalp where the blood still lingers.
What an evil triumph her eye reveals,
What a baleful smile on her pale face steals!
But traces of feeling are visible now,
In that quivering lip and that writhing brow!
Does not the eye of her mind glance back
On the gloom and quiet of her stormy track?
The traitor's lip by her kisses met—

The traitor's hand by her fond tears wet.
The warm embrace, when her tresses fair
Mingled themselves with that scalp's brown hair.
And what are those tears which her wild eyes dim,
But tears of sorrow and love for him?

John Bonython's eyebrows together are drawn
With a fierce expression of wrath and scorn.
He hoarsely whispers, "Ruth, beware!
Is this the time to be playing the fool—
Crying over a paltry lock of hair
Like a love-sick girl at school?
Away! and prepare our evening cheer!"

From Sagamore Bonython's hunting flask
The fire-water burns at the lips of Megone:
"Will the Sachem hear what his father shall ask?
Will he make his mark, that it may be known
On the speaking leaf, that he gives the land,
From the Sachem's own to his father's hand?"

With unsteady fingers the Indian has drawn
On the parchment the shape of the hunter's bow.
"Boon water—boon water—Sagamore John!
Wuttamuttata—weekan! our hearts will grow!"
He drinks yet deeper—he mutters low—
He reels on his bear-skin to and fro—
His head falls down on his naked breast—
He struggles and sinks to a drunken rest.

"Speak, Ruth! why, what in the world is there
To fix thy gaze in that empty air?
Speak, Ruth! by my soul, if I thought that tear
Which shames thyself and our purposes here
Were shed for that cursed and pale-faced dog,
Whose green scalp hangs from the belt of Mogg,
And whose beastly soul is in Satan's keeping—
This—this!"—he dashes his hand upon

The rattling stock of his loaded gun—
"Should send thee with him to do thy weeping!"

"Father! My life I value less
Than yonder fool his gaudy dress;
And how it ends it matters not,
By heart-break or by rifle-shot;
But spare awhile the scoff and threat—
Our business is not finished yet."

"True, true, my girl—I only meant
To draw up again the bow unbent.
Harm thee, my Ruth! I only sought
To frighten off thy gloomy thought.
Come—let's be friends!" He seeks to clasp
His daughter's cold, damp hand in his.
Ruth startles from her father's grasp,
As if each nerve and muscle felt,
Instinctively, the touch of guilt,
Through all their subtle sympathies.

He points her to the sleeping Mogg:
"What shall be done with yonder dog?
Scamman is dead, and revenge is thine—
The deed is signed and the land is mine!
And this drunken fool is of use no more,
Save as thy hopeful bridegroom, and sooth
'Twere Christian mercy to finish him, Ruth,
Now, while he lies like a beast on our floor."

Ruth does not speak—she does not stir;
But she gazes down on the murderer.
John Bonython lifts his gun to his eye,
Its muzzle is close to the Indian's ear—
But he drops it again. "Someone may be nigh,
And I would not that even the wolves should hear."
He draws his knife from its deer-skin belt,
Its edge with his fingers is slowly felt.

Kneeling down on one knee by the Indian's side,
From his throat he opens the blanket wide;
And twice or thrice he feebly essays
A trembling hand with the knife to raise.
"I cannot," he mutters, "did he not save
My life from a cold and wintry grave."

Ruth starts erect—with bloodshot eye,
And lips drawn tight across her teeth,
Showing their locked embrace beneath,
In the red firelight—"Mogg must die!
Give me the knife!" The outlaw turns,
Shuddering in heart and limb, away—
But, fitfully there, the hearth-fire burns,
And he sees on the wall strange shadows play.
A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,
Are dimly pictured in light and shade,
Plunging down in the darkness. Hark, that cry!

Again—and again—he sees it fall—
That shadowy arm down the lighted wall!
He hears quick footsteps—a shape flits by—
The door on its rusted hinges creaks—
"Ruth—daughter Ruth!" the outlaw shrieks.
But no sound comes back—he is standing alone
By the mangled corpse of Mogg Megone!

* * * * *

On the brow of a hill, which slopes to meet
The flowing river, and bathe its feet,
A rude and unshapely chapel stands,
Built up in that wild by unskilled hands;
Yet the traveler knows it a place of prayer,
For the holy sign of the cross is there.

Two forms are now in that chapel dim,
The Jesuit, silent and sad and pale,
Anxiously heeding some fearful tale,

Which a stranger is telling him.
That stranger's garb is soiled and torn,
And wet with dew and loosely worn;
Her fair neglected hair falls down
O'er cheeks with wind and sunshine brown.

"Oh, tell me, father, can the dead
Walk on the earth, and look on us,
And lay upon the living's head
Their blessing or their curse?
Last night my mother seemed by me,
As I lay beneath the woodland tree!"

"God help thee, daughter, tell me why
Her spirit passed before thine eye!"
"Father, I know not, save it be
That deeds of mine have summoned her
From the unbreathing sepulchre,
To leave her last rebuke with me.
Ah, woe for me! my mother died
Just at the moment when I stood
Close on the verge of womanhood,
A child in everything beside.
My father lived a stormy life,
Of frequent change and daily strife;
And—God forgive him!—left his child
To feel, like him, a freedom wild.

"There came a change. The wild, glad mood
Of unchecked freedom passed.
Amid the ancient solitude
Of unshorn grass and waving wood,
A manly form was ever nigh,
A bold, free hunter, with an eye
Whose dark, keen glance had power to wake
Both fear and love—to awe and charm.
Ah! scarcely yet to God above
With deeper trust, with stronger love,

Has prayerful saint his meek heart lent,
Or cloistered nun at twilight bent,
Than I, before a human shrine,
As mortal and as frail as mine,
With heart, and soul, and mind, and form,
Knelt madly to a fellow-worm.

"Full soon, upon that dream of sin,
An awful light came bursting in.
The shrine was cold at which I knelt,
The idol of that shrine was gone;
A humbled thing of shame was I and guilt,
Outcast, and spurned, and lone.
There came a voice—it checked the tear—
In heart and soul it wrought a change;
My father's voice was in my ear;
It whispered of revenge!

"A youthful warrior of the wild,
By words deceived, by smiles beguiled,
Upon our fatal errand went.
Through camp, and town, and wilderness
He tracked his victim; and at last,
Just when the tide of hate had passed,
And milder thoughts came warm and fast,
Exulting, at my feet he cast
The bloody token of success.

"O God! with what an awful power
I saw the buried past uprise
And gather, in a single hour,
Its ghost-like memories!
And then I felt—alas! too late—
That underneath the mask of hate
That shame, and guilt, and wrong had thrown
O'er feelings which they might not own.
And oh, with what a loathing eye,
With what a deadly hate and deep,

I saw that Indian murderer lie
Before me in his drunken sleep!
And when he murmured, as he slept,
The horrors of that deed of blood,
The tide of utter madness swept
O'er brain and bosom, like a flood.
And, father, with this hand of mine—"
"Ha! what didst thou?" the Jesuit cries,
Shuddering, as smitten with sudden pain,
And shading with one thin hand his eyes,
With the other he makes the holy sign—
"I smote him as I would a worm—
With heart as steeled, with nerves as firm.
He never woke again!"

"Woman of sin and blood and shame,
Speak—I would know that victim's name."

"Father," she gasped, "a chieftain known
As Saco's Sachem—Mogg Megone!"

Pale priest! What proud and lofty dreams,
What keen desires, what cherished schemes,
What hopes that time may not recall,
Are darkened by that chieftain's fall!
Was he not pledged, by cross and vow,
To lift the hatchet of his sire,
And, round his own, the church's foe,
To light the avenging fire?
Three backward steps the Jesuit takes—
His long, thin frame as ague shakes;
Hate—fearful hate—is in his eye,
As from his lips these words of fear
Fall hoarsely on the maiden's ear:
"The soul that sinneth shall surely die!"

"Save me, O holy man!" her cry
Fills all the void, as if a tongue,

Unseen, from rib and rafter hung,
Thrilling with mortal agony;
Her hands are clasping the Jesuit's knee,
And her eye looks fearfully into his own.
"Off, woman of sin—nay, touch not me
With those fingers of blood. Begone!"
With a gesture of horror, he spurns the form
That writhes at his feet like a trodden worm.

* * * * *

'Tis spring-time on the Eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills.
A band is marching through the wood
Where rolls the Kennebec his flood,—
The warriors of the wilderness,
Painted, and in their battle-dress.
Hark! from the foremost of the band
A sudden yell bursts o'er the land.

Blessed Mary! who is she
Leaning against that maple-tree?
The sun upon her face burns hot,
But the fixed eyelid moveth not.
A priest hath bent him over the sleeper:
"Wake, daughter, wake!"—but she stirs no limb.
The eye that looks on him is fixed and dim;
And the sleep she is sleeping shall be no deeper,
Until the angel's oath is said,
And the final blast of the trump goes forth
To the graves of the sea and the graves of earth.
Ruth Bonython is dead!

A PRETTY girl, a crowded car,
"Please take my seat!" and there you are.
A crowded car, a woman plain,
She stands, and there you are again.

THE DEATH OF UNCLE TOM.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE hunt for the runaway slaves was long, animated, and thorough, but unsuccessful; and, weary and dispirited, Simon Legree drew rein at his house and alighted.

"Now, Quimbo," he said, as he stretched himself down in the sitting-room, "you jest go and walk that Tom up here, right away! The old cuss is at the bottom of this yer whole matter; and I'll have it out of his old black hide, or I'll know the reason why."

Sambo and Quimbo, though hating each other, were both joined in one mind by a no less cordial hatred of Tom. Quimbo, therefore, departed with a will to execute his master's orders.

Tom heard the message with a forewarning heart; for he knew all the plan of the fugitives' escape, and the place of their present concealment; he knew the deadly character of the man he had to deal with, and his despotic power, but he felt strong in God to meet death rather than betray the helpless. He set his basket down by the row, and, looking up, said, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit! Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!" and then quietly yielded himself to the rough, brutal grasp with which Quimbo seized him.

"Ay, ay!" said Quimbo, as he dragged him along, "ye'll cotch it, now! I'll boun' mas'r's back's up *high!* No sneaking out, now! Tell ye ye'll get it, and no mistake! See how ye'll look, now, helpin' mas'r's niggers to run away! See what ye'll get!"

None of these savage words reached Tom's ear! A higher voice was saying, "Fear not them that kill the body, and, after that, have no more that they can do." Nerve and bone of that poor man's body vibrated to those words, as if touched by the finger of God, and he felt the strength of

a thousand souls in one. As he passed along, the trees and the bushes, the huts of his servitude, the whole scene of his degradation, seemed to whirl by him as the landscape by the rushing car.

"Well, Tom!" said Legree, walking up and seizing him grimly by the collar, and speaking through his teeth, "d'ye know I've made up my mind to *kill* ye?"

"It's very likely, mas'r," said Tom, calmly.

"I *have*," said Legree, with grim, terrible calmness, "*done—just—that—thing*, Tom, unless ye'll tell me what ye know about these yer gals!"

Tom stood silent.

"D'ye hear," said Legree, stamping, with a roar like that of an incensed lion. "Speak!"

"I han't got nothing to tell, mas'r," said Tom, with a slow, firm, deliberate utterance.

"D'ye dare to tell me, ye old black Christian, ye don't know?" said Legree.

Tom was silent.

"Speak!" thundered Legree, striking him furiously. "D'ye know anything?"

"I know, mas'r; but I can't tell anything. I can die!"

Legree drew a long breath, but suppressing his rage, he took Tom by the arm, and approaching his face almost to his, said, in a terrible voice:

"Hark 'e, Tom! ye think 'cause I've let ye off before, I don't mean what I say; but, this time, I've made up my mind, and counted the cost. Now, I'll *conquer ye or kill ye!*—one or t' other. I'll count every drop of blood there is in ye, and take 'em, one by one, till ye give up!"

Tom looked up to his master, and answered, "Mas'r, if you was sick, or in trouble, or dying, and I could save you, I'd give you my heart's blood; and if taking every drop of blood in this poor old body would save your precious soul, I'd give 'em freely, as the Lord gave His for me. Oh, mas'r! don't bring this great sin on your soul! It will hurt you more than 'twill me! Do the worst you can, my

troubles 'll soon be over; but, if you don't repent, yours won't *never* end!"

Like a strange snatch of heavenly music, heard in the lull of a tempest, this burst of feeling made a moment's blank pause. Legree stood aghast, and looked at Tom; and there was such a silence that the tick of the old clock could be heard, measuring, with silent touch, the last moments of mercy and probation to that hardened heart.

It was but a moment. There was one hesitating pause, one irresolute, relenting thrill, and the spirit of evil came back, with sevenfold vehemence; and, foaming with rage, Legree smote his victim to the ground.

"He's most gone, mas'r," said Sambo, touched, in spite of himself, by the patience of his victim.

"Whip him till he gives up! Give it to him!—give it to him!" shouted Legree. "I'll take every drop of blood he has, unless he confesses!"

Tom opened his eyes, and looked upon his master.

"You poor miserable crittur!" he said, "there an't no more you can do! I forgive you, with all my soul!" and he fainted entirely away.

Two days after, a young man drove a light wagon up through the avenue leading to Legree's house, and throwing the reins hastily on the horses' neck, sprang out and inquired for the owner of the place. It was George Shelby. Legree received the stranger with a kind of surly hospitality.

"I understand," said the young man, "that you bought, in New Orleans, a boy named Tom. He used to be on my father's place, and I came to see if I couldn't buy him back."

Legree's brow grew dark, and he broke out, passionately:

"Yes, I did buy such a fellow,—and a deuce of a bargain I had of it, too! The most rebellious, saucy, impudent dog! Set up my niggers to run away; got off two gals, worth $800 or a $1,000 apiece. He owned to that, and when I bid him tell me where they was, he up and said he knew but he wouldn't tell; and stood to it, though I gave him the

cussedest flogging I ever gave a nigger yet. I b'lieve he's trying to die; but I don't know as he'll make it out."

"Where is he?" said the visitor, impetuously. "Let me see him."

"He's in dat ar shed," said a little fellow, who stood holding George's horse.

Without saying another word, George turned and strode to the spot.

Tom had been lying two days since the fatal night, not suffering, for every nerve of suffering was blunted and destroyed, but, for the most part, in a quiet stupor.

When George entered the shed, he felt his head giddy and his heart sick.

"Is it possible, is it possible?" said he, kneeling down by him. "Uncle Tom, my poor, poor old friend!"

Something in the voice penetrated to the ear of the dying. He moved his head gently, smiled, and said:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Tears fell from the young man's eyes, as he bent over his poor friend.

"Oh, dear Uncle Tom! do wake, do speak once more! Look up! Here's Mas'r George,—your own little Mas'r George. Don't you know me?"

"Mas'r George!" said Tom, opening his eyes, and speaking in a feeble voice. "Mas'r George!"

He looked bewildered. Slowly the idea seemed to fill his soul; and the vacant eye became fixed and brightened, the whole face lighted up, the hard hands clasped, and tears ran down the cheeks.

"Bless the Lord! it is,—it is,—it's all I wanted! It warms my soul; it does my old heart good! Now I shall die content! Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

"You shan't die! you *mustn't* die, nor think of it. I've come to buy you, and take you home," said George, with impetuous vehemence.

"Oh, Mas'r George, ye're too late. The Lord's bought me, and is going to take me home,—and I long to go. Heaven is better than Kintuck. I'm right in the door, going into glory! Oh, Mas'r George! *Heaven has come!*"

At this moment, the sudden flush of strength which the joy of meeting his young master had infused into the dying man gave way. A sudden sinking fell upon him, he closed his eyes, and that mysterious and sublime change passed over his face that told the approach of other worlds. He began to draw his breath with long, deep inspirations, and his broad chest rose and fell heavily. The expression of his face was that of a conquerer.

"Who—who—who shall separate us—from the love—of Christ?" he said, in a voice that contended with mortal weakness; and, then, with a smile, Uncle Tom fell asleep.

THE DILEMMA.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

NOW, by the blessed Paphian queen,
Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen;
By every name I cut on bark
Before my morning-star grew dark;
By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,
By all that thrills the beating heart;
The bright black eye, the melting blue,—
I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams:
I saw a row of twenty beams;
From every beam a rope was hung,
In every rope a lover swung.
I asked the hue of every eye
That bade each luckless lover die;
Ten livid lips said, "Heavenly blue,"
And ten accused the darker hue.

I asked a matron, which she deemed
With fairest light of beauty beamed;
She answered, some thought both were fair—
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.
I might have liked her judgment well,
But as she spoke, she rung the bell,
And all her girls, nor small nor few,
Came marching in—their eyes were blue.

I asked a maiden. Back she flung
The locks that round her forehead hung,
And turned her eye, a glorious one,
Bright as a diamond in the sun,
On me, until, beneath its rays,
I felt as if my hair would blaze;
She liked all eyes but eyes of green:
She looked at me,—what could she mean?

Ah! many lids love lurks between,
Nor heeds the coloring of his screen;
And when his random arrows fly
The victim falls, but knows not why.
Gaze not upon his shield of jet,
The shaft upon the string is set;
Look not beneath his azure veil,
Though every limb were cased in mail.

Well both might make a martyr break
The chain that bound him to the stake,
And both, with but a single ray,
Can melt our very hearts away;
And both, when balanced, hardly seem
To stir the scales, or rock the beam;
But that is dearest, all the while,
That wears for us the sweetest smile.

THE DEACON'S CONFESSION.

N. S. EMERSON.

YES, surely the bells in the steeple were ringing; I thought you knew why.
No? Well, then, I'll tell you, though mostly it's whispered about on the sly.
Some six weeks ago, a church meeting was held, for no one knew what;
But we went, and the parson was present, and I don't know who or who not.

Some twenty odd members, I calc'late, which mostly was wimmin, of course;
But I don't mean to say aught agin 'em—I seen many gatherings look worse.
And in the front row sat the deacons; the eldest was old Deacon Pryor,
A man counting fourscore and seven, and ginerally full of his ire.

Beside him his wife, aged fourscore, a kind-hearted, motherly soul;
And, next to her, young Deacon Hartley, a good Christian man, on the whole.
Miss Parsons, a spinster of fifty, and long ago laid on the shelf,
Had wedged herself next, and beside her was Deacon Munroe —that's myself.

The meeting was soon called to order, the parson looked glum as a text.
We silently stared at each other, and everyone wondered "What next?"
When straightway uprose Deacon Hartley, his voice seemed to tremble with fear

As he said: "Boy and man, you have known me, my friends, for this nigh forty year,

"And you scarce may expect a confession of error from me —but—you know
My dearly loved wife died last Christmas—it's now over ten months ago.
The winter went by long and lonely—but the spring-time crep' forward apace;
The farm work begun, and I needed a woman about the old place.

"My children were wilder than rabbits, and all growing worse every day;
I could find no help in the village, although I was willing to pay.
I declare I was near 'bout discouraged, and everything looked so forlorn,
When good little Patience McAlpine skipped into our kitchen one morn.

"She had only run in of an errand, but she laughed at our woe-begone plight,
And set to work just like a woman, a-putting the whole place to right.
And though her own folks was so busy, and illy her helping could spare,
She'd flit in and out like a sparrow, and 'most every day she was there.

"So the summer went by sort o' cheerful; but one night my baby, my Joe,
Was restless and feverish, and woke me, as babies will often, you know.
I was tired with my day's work, and sleepy, and couldn't no way keep him still;
So at last I grew angry and spanked him, and then he screamed out with a will.

"'Twas just then I heard a soft rapping away at the half-open door,
And then little Patience McAlpine stepped shyly across the white floor.
Says she: 'I thought Josie was crying. I guess I'd best take him away—
I knew you'd be getting up early to go to the marshes for hay,

"'So I stayed here to-night to get breakfast—I guess he'll be quiet with me.
Come, baby, kiss papa, and tell him what a nice little man you will be.'
She was bending low over the baby, and saw the big tears on his cheek;
But her face was so near to my whiskers I daresn't move scarcely, or speak.

"Her arms were both holding the baby, her eyes by his shoulder was hid—
But her mouth was so near and so rosy that—I kissed her—that's just what I did."
Then down sat the trembling sinner. The sisters they murmured: "For shame!"
And "She shouldn't oughter 'a' let him; no doubt, *she* was mostly to blame,"

When slowly uprose Deacon Pryor. "Now, brethren and sisters," he said
(And we knowed, then, that suthing was coming, and we sot as still as the dead);
"We've heard Brother Hartley's confession, and I speak for myself, when I say
That if my wife was dead, and my children were all growing wuss every day;

"And if my house needed attention, and Patience McAlpine should come

And tidy the cluttered-up kitchen, and make the place seem more like home;
And if I was tired out and sleepy, and my baby wouldn't lie still,
But cried out at midnight and woke me, as babies, we know, sometimes will;

"And if Patience came in to hush him, and 'twas all as our good brother says,
I think, friends—I think *I* should kiss her, and abide by the consequences."
Then down sat the elderly deacon, the younger one lifted his face,
And a smile rippled over the meeting, like light in a shadowy place.

Perhaps, then, the matronly sisters remembered their far-away youth,
Or the daughters at home by their firesides, shrined each in her shy, modest truth.
For their judgments grew gentle and kindly; and—well, as I started to say,
The solemn old bells in the steeple were ringing a bridal to-day.

UNREST IN PARADISE.

TWO women met in Paradise, where they had recently arrived;
And each one of the other asked how in the bright abode she thrived.
Then straightway each one made reply: "'Tis very beautiful and bright,
There's everything to please the ear, and everything to feast the sight."
Then each exhaled a long, deep sigh, and said, "I've searched in every nook,
But nowhere can I find a glass to see how these new garments look."

BIJAH.

CHARLES M. LEWIS.

HE was little more than a baby, and played on the streets
all day;
And holding in his tiny fingers the string of a broken
sleigh.
He was ragged and cold and hungry, yet his face was a sight
to see,
And he lisped to a passing lady—"Pleathe, mithus, will you
yide me?"

But she drew close her fur-lined mantle and her train of silk
and lace,
While she stared with haughty wonder in the eager, piteous
face;
And the eyes that shone so brightly, brimmed o'er with
gushing rain,
And the poor little head dropped lower, while his heart beat
a sad refrain.

When night came, cold and darkly, and the lamps were all
alight,
The pallid lips grew whiter with childish grief and fright.
As I was passing the entrance of a church across the way
I found a poor dead baby with his head on a broken sleigh.

Soon young and eager footsteps were heard on the frozen
street,
And a boy dashed into the station, covered with snow and
sleet.
On his coat was a newsboy's number, on his arm a brand-
new sled.
"Have you seen my brother Bijah? He ought to be home
in bed.

"You see, I leave him at Smithers', while I go round with the *Press.*
They must have forgot about him, and he's strayed away, I guess.
Last night, when he said 'Our Father,' and about the daily bread,
He just threw in an extra concerning a nice new sled.

"I was tellin' the boys at the office, as how he was only three;
And they stuck in for this here stunner and brought it home with me,
And won't—what's the matter, Bijah? Why do you shake your head?
O Father in heaven, have pity! O Bijah, he can't be dead!"

He clasped the child to his bosom in a passionate, close embrace,
His tears and kisses falling 'twixt sobs on the little face.
Soon the boyish grief grew silent; there was never a tear nor a moan,
For the heart of the dear Lord Jesus had taken the children home.

"GOOD ENOUGH FER ME."

THEY say I missed my callin'; I might have been a sage
If I'd a-gone ter college when twenty years of age.
They say my gift wuz langwidge; without a-workin' much
I might 'a' been quite fluent in Hebrew, French, an' Dutch.

But what's the sense in learnin' the things I'd never use,
Fer though I'm glib at talkin', I wouldn't have excuse
Ter chat in Dutch er Latin with 'Lihu, John, an' Zeke,
A-settin' on the store-steps; 'cause Yankee's all they speak.

There may be langwidge finer, an' them more soft an' clear;
The one I courted Jane in 's the one I like ter hear.
I tell my team in English ter "git up," "haw," an' "gee,"
An' the langwidge Shakespeare writ in is good enough fer me.

to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat almost to his knees, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders.

My visitor seemed on fire with sombre excitement.

"Have you got it?" he cried. "Have you got it?"

So lively was his impatience, that he even laid his hand upon my arm and sought to shake me. I put him back, conscious at his touch of a certain icy pang along my blood.

"Come, sir," said I, "you forget that I have not yet the pleasure of your acquaintance. Be seated, if you please."

I sat down myself in my customary seat, with as fair an imitation of my ordinary manner to a patient, as the lateness of the hour, the nature of my preoccupations, and the horror I had of my visitor, would suffer me to muster.

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon," he replied, civilly enough. "What you say is very well founded. I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr. Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I understood—" he paused and put his hand to his throat, and I could see, in spite of his collected manner, that he was wrestling against the approaches of the hysteria—"I understood, a drawer—"

"There it is, sir," said I, pointing to the drawer on the floor, still covered with the sheet.

He sprang to it, then paused and laid his hand upon his heart. I could hear his teeth grate convulsively, and his face was so ghastly that I grew alarmed for both his life and reason.

"Compose yourself," said I.

He turned a dreadful smile to me, and as if with the decision of despair, plucked away the sheet. At sight of the contents, he uttered one loud sob of such immense relief that I sat petrified.

"Have you a graduated glass?" he asked.

I rose from my place and gave him what he asked.

He measured out a few minims of a red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, at first of a reddish hue, began, as the crystals melted, to brighten in color and to throw off fumes of vapor. Suddenly the ebullition ceased and the compound changed to a dark purple, which faded

again more slowly to a watery green. My visitor, who had watched these metamorphoses with a keen eye, set down the glass, and then turned and looked at me with an air of scrutiny.

"And now," said he, "to settle what remains. Will you suffer me to take this glass in my hand and go forth from your house without further parley, or has the greed of curiosity too much command of you? Think before you answer, for it shall be done as you decide. As you decide, you shall be left as you were before, neither richer nor wiser, unless the sense of service rendered to a man in mortal distress may be counted as a kind of riches of the soul. Or, if you shall so prefer to choose, a new province of knowledge and new avenues to fame and to power shall be laid open to you, here in this room, upon the instant, and your sight shall be blasted by a prodigy to stagger the unbelief of Satan."

"Sir," said I, affecting a coolness that I was far from possessing, "you speak enigmas, and you will, perhaps, not wonder that I hear you with no very strong belief. But I have gone too far in the way of inexplicable services to pause before I see the end."

"It is well," replied my visitor. "Lanyon, you remember your vows. What follows is under the seal of our profession. And now,—behold!"

He put the glass to his lips and drank its contents at one gulp. A cry followed, he reeled, staggered, clutched at the table, and held on, staring with injected eyes, gasping with open mouth. As I looked, there came, I thought, a change: He seemed to swell, his face became suddenly black, the features seemed to melt and to alter—and the next moment I had sprung to my feet and leaped back against the wall, my arm raised to shield me from that prodigy, my mind submerged in terror.

"O God!" I screamed, "O God!" again and again, for there before my eyes,—pale and shaken, half fainting, and groping before him with his hands, like a man restored from death—there stood Henry Jekyll!

WHEN SPARROWS BUILD.

JEAN INGELOW.

WHEN sparrows build and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries,
For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,
And a scarlet sun doth rise;
Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,
And the icy fount runs free;
And the bergs begin to bow their heads
And plunge and sail in the sea.

Oh, my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so,
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?
Nay, I spoke once and I grieved thee sore.
I remembered all that I said;
And thou wilt hear me, no more, no more,
Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
To the ice-fields and the snow.
Thou wert sad, for thy love did not avail,
And the end I could not know.
How could I tell I should love thee away
When I did not love thee anear?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain
With the faded bents o'erspread;
We shall stand no more by the seething main
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead;
We shall part no more in the wind and rain
Where thy last farewell was said;
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again,
When the sea gives up her dead.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

OUR doctor had called in another, I never had seen him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door,
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France, and of other lands—
Harsh, red hair, big voice, big chest, big, merciless hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, oh! yes, but they said, too, of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb;
And that I can well believe, for he looked so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawned at his knee—
Drenched with the hellish oorali—that ever such things should be!

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of love and the smile and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seemed out of place—
Caught in a mill and crushed. It was but a hopeless case;
And he handled him gently enough, but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me, roughly, "The lad will need little more of your care."

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And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me, roughly, "The lad will need little more of your care."

"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all His children here, and I pray for them all as my own;"
But he turned to me, "Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?"
Then he muttered half to himself, but I know that I heard him say,
"All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had His day."

So he went. And we passed to this ward where the younger children are laid.
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;
Empty, you see, just now! We have lost her who loved her so much—
Patient of pain, though as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,
Hers was the gratefulest heart I have found in a child of her years.
Nay, you remember our Emmie; you used to send her the flowers.
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em, hours after hours!
They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are revealed
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field.
Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can know of the spring;
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an angel's wing.
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crossed on her breast—
Wan, but as pretty as heart could desire, and we thought her at rest,

Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said, "Poor little dear!
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live through it, I fear."
I walked with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair,
Then I returned to the ward; the child didn't see I was there.

Never since I was nurse had I been so grieved and so vexed!
Emmie had heard him. Softly she called from her cot to the next,
"He says I shall never live through it. O Annie, what shall I do?"
Annie considered. "If I," said the wise little Annie, "was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see
It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should come to me.'"
(Meaning the print that you gave us; I find that it always can please
Our children—the dear Lord Jesus with children about His knees.)
"Yes, and I will," said Emmie, "but then if I call to the Lord,
How should He know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!"
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she considered, and said:
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed,—
The Lord has so much to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it Him plain,
It's the little girl with her arm lying out on the counterpane."

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch her for four—

My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no more.
That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never would pass.
There was a thunder-clap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass,
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tossed about,
The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness without.
My sleep was broken, besides, with dreams of the dreadful knife
And fears for our delicate Emmie, who scarce would escape with her life.
Then in the gray of the morning it seemed she stood by me and smiled.
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see the child.

He had brought his ghastly tools. We believed her asleep again,—
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane.
Say that His day is done! Ah, why should we care what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had passed away.

THE FIERY ORDEAL.

On pottery my love was pleased to paint
Designs that were exceeding rare and quaint;
And when she had them done as she desired,
With neatness and dispatch the pots were fired.
"Love, I am but a vase of common clay—
Design me as you will, I humbly pray!"
The maiden fashioned me as she thought best,
And then—why, I was fired with the rest.

HOW DOT HEARD "THE MESSIAH."

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

[Arranged by Claribel Brooks. By permission of the author.]

THE church was vast and dim. The air was fragrant with pine boughs, and over the golden cross of the chancel hung heavy wreaths of box and fir. A solitary light shone in front of the organ.

Little feet were heard on the stairs, and a door in the organ-case opened quietly.

"Is that you, Dot?"

"Yes, sir."

"What makes you come so early?"

"I always come early," said the boy, timidly. "Mother thinks it best."

"Come out, Dot, and let me talk to you."

The little side-door of the organ moved; a shadow crept along in the dim light toward the genial-hearted tenor.

"Do you like music, Dot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you sing?"

"Yes, at home."

"What do you sing?"

"The parts I hear you sing, sir."

"Tenor, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you sing for me?"

"I can sing, 'Hark, what mean those holy voices?'"

"Ah, Rossini—an adaptation from 'Cujus animam.' Well, I'll beat time—now, Dot."

A voice, flute-like, pure, and silvery, floated out into the empty edifice. The tenor stood like one entranced. The voice fell in wavy cadences, then rose clear as a skylark's, with the soul of inspiration in it. The tenor, with a nervous mo-

tion, turned on the gaslight. The boy seemed affrighted, and shrank away toward the door.

"Boy, there is a fortune in that voice of yours!"

"Thank you, sir."

"What makes you hide behind that bench?"

The boy slowly approached and stood beside the singer, and then the tenor understood,—saw all Dot's poverty.

At that moment there were other footsteps heard in the church, and sounds of light, happy voices. The choir was assembling.

Presently a bell tinkled. The organist was on his bench. Dot grasped the great wooden handle of the organ-pump, and moved it up and down, up and down, and then the tall, wooden pipes with the dragon mouths began to thunder around him, and the chorus burst into the glorious "Midnight Mass of the Middle Ages:"

> "Adeste fideles læti triumphantes,
> Venite, venite,
> In Bethlehem."

The great pipes close at hand ceased to thunder. The music seemed to fade away into the distance, low, sweet, and shadowy. There were sympathetic solos and tremulous chords. Then the tempest seemed to come back again, and the luminous arch over the organ sent back into the empty church the jubilant chorus: "Venite, adoremus!"

Then the singers rested, laughed, and talked. Dot could not help hearing, in his narrow room.

"I came to the church directly from the train," said the tenor, "and amused myself for a time with Dot. A *wonderful* voice that boy has."

"Dot?" said the precentor.

"Yes, the boy that blows the organ."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. I seldom see him. Now I think of it, the sexton told me some weeks ago that I must get a new organ-boy another year; he says this one comes to the church through back alleys, and that his clothes are not

decent to be seen in church on Sunday. Next Sunday begins the year—I must see to the matter."

"He does his work well?" asked the soprano, with a touch of sympathy in her voice. "Wouldn't it be better to get him some new clothes than to dismiss him?"

"No. Charity is charity, and business is business. Everything must be first class here. We can't have ragamuffins creeping into the church to do church work. Now, then, let us practice the anthem, 'Good-will to men.'"

The organist touched the knob at the side of the keyboard, and the bell tinkled. His white hand ran over the keys, but there issued no sound. He moved nervously from the bench, and opened the little door.

"Dot?"

No answer.

"Dot, Dot?"

The tenor stepped into the room and brought out a limp figure.

"Are you sick, Dot?"

"Yes, sir. What will become of mother?"

"He heard what you said about dismissing him," said the soprano to the precentor.

"Can't you blow, Dot?" exclaimed the precentor.

"No, sir; it is all dark, sir. I can't but just stand up, sir. You won't dismiss me, sir? Mother is lame and poor, sir—can't use but one hand, sir."

"This ends the rehearsal," said the precentor, impatiently. "Dot, you needn't come to-morrow. Wait till I send for you. Here's a dollar—charity—Christmas present."

One by one the singers went out. The soprano and the tenor lingered.

"I shall not hear the music to-morrow," Dot sobbed out. "I do love it so."

"You poor child, you shall have your Christmas music to-morrow. Do you know where Music Hall is, Dot?"

"Yes, lady."

"There is to be an oratorio there to-morrow evening—

'The Messiah.' I have a ticket for the upper gallery, which I will give you, for the upper gallery right underneath the statue of Apollo."

"Here is a Christmas present, Dot," and the tenor handed Dot a bill.

"And here is one for your mother," said the soprano, giving Dot a little roll of money.

Dot looked bewildered at his new fortune.

"Thank you, lady. Thank you, sir. Are you quite sure you can spare all this?"

"Oh, yes!" said the soprano; "I am to receive a hundred dollars for singing to-morrow evening. I shall try to think of you, Dot, when I am singing—perhaps it will give me inspiration. I shall see you, right under the statue of Apollo. Good night."

It was Sabbath evening—Christmas-time.

Dot entered Music Hall timidly, and asked an usher to show him his seat. As the usher gave him back his check and pointed to the seat, Dot said:

"Will you please tell me, sir, which is the statue of Apollo?"

"*That* is the Apollo Belvedere."

Dot thought that a pretty name. It did not convey to his mind any association of the Vatican palace, but he knew that some beautiful mystery was connected with it.

Dot now gazes in amazement on the scene before him. In the blaze of light the great organ rises resplendently. Tiers of seats in the form of a pyramid rise from the platform at either end of the organ. These are just filling with the chorus. In front of the great chorus the musicians are gathering. A dark-haired man steps upon the conductor's stand, and raises his baton; there is a hush, then half-a-hundred instruments pour forth the symphony.*

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* Some selection from the overture to "The Messiah," or the introductory accompaniment to the solo, may be played here, while the reading goes on. The selections from "The Messiah" should be sung, if convenient, from some part of the hall distant from the reader.

Dot listens. He has never heard such music before; he did not know that anything like it was ever heard on earth.

"Comfort ye."

Did an angel speak? The instruments are sweeter now.

"Comfort ye my people."

Did that voice come from the air? Dot listens and wonders if this is earth. He sees a tall man standing alone in front of the musicians. Dot gazes upon his face with wide eyes. It is the tenor who had befriended him the night before.

Then what music followed when the chorus arose and sang:

"Every valley shall be exalted."

Dot hears the grand music sweep on. He sees a lady in white satin and flashing jewels step forward. She turns her face toward the upper gallery. Her eyes wander for a moment, then rest—on Dot. Then that matchless, thrilling voice begins:

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd," etc.*

For a few minutes after the soprano took her seat, there was no applause. Tears stood in the eyes of every listener. There was a deep hush. Then there was a rustle in the hall—it grew. The silence was followed by a commotion that seemed to rock the very foundation of the hall. The applause gathered force like a tempest.

"Let me congratulate you," said the tenor to the soprano, as he handed her into her coach after the oratorio was ended. "To-night has been the triumph of your life. Nothing so moved the audience as 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd.'"

"Do you know to what I owed the feeling that so inspired me in that air? It was poor little Dot in the gallery. You are about to open a school of art, are you not?"

"Yes."

---

* If possible this entire solo should be sung either by the reciter or by an invisible soloist.

"Thengive Dot a place as office boy—errand boy—something. It will lift a weight from my heart."

"Very well, he shall have it."

It is ended now—faded and gone. The great organ stands silent in the dark hall, the coaches have rolled away, the clocks are striking midnight.

* * * * * *

Fifteen years have passed. The old Handel and Haydn Society is again assembled to render "The Messiah." A new tenor is to sing on this occasion—he was born in Boston, has studied in Milan, and has achieved great triumph as an interpreter of sacred music in London and in Berlin.

The symphony has begun its sweet enchantment. The tenor, with a face luminous and spiritual, rises, and his first notes thrill the audience and hold it as by a spell.

"Comfort ye, my people."

He thought of the time when he first heard those words. He thought of the hearts whose kindness had made him a singer. He looked, too, toward the Apollo on the wall, and recalled the limp bellows-boy who had sat there fifteen years before. How those words then comforted him! How he loved to sing them now!

It was Dot.

THE HOSTAGE.

FREDERICK SCHILLER.

HIS dagger concealed for the stroke,
Mœros stole Dionysius to slay;
The guards bound and bore him away.
The king eyed him sternly, and spoke:
"Why the dagger concealed in thy cloak?"
"The State from a tyrant to free!"
"On the cross rue thy treason to me!"

"I shrink not from death," he replied,
"Not meanly imploring to live,
If I ask thee a respite to give:
I would fain see my sister a bride.
Three days let the sentence abide.
I will leave thee as hostage and bail
My friend,—take his life if I fail."

Brief pausing, malignantly said
The king, and he smiled, "Let it be;
Three days I accord unto thee,
But mark if the third should be sped
And thou hast not returned, in thy stead,
The life of thy friend will be mine,
And I grant thee a pardon for thine."

And he came to his friend: "By decree
Of the king whom I compassed to slay,
I must die on the cross! A delay
He vouchsafes to my sentence, days three,
That my sister a bride I may see,
If thou be my hostage till I
Return to release thee—and die!"

With a silent embrace he has gone
To the tyrant, that friend, the true-hearted;
The other has straightway departed.
The dawn of the third day creeps on,
And the rites of the nuptials are done;
And the pledge brooks no longer delay,
And his soul goads his step to the way.

By the waters his passage is banned—
He shouts as he wanders around;
Not a human voice answers the sound.
No boat will put off from the strand,
To win through the wave to the land,
No pilot so hardy will be—
And the wild stream now swells to a sea.

On the margin he sinks, and he weeps,
And he raises his arms to the skies—
"O Jove, cloud-compeller," he cries,
"Stay the torrent—it swells and it sweeps;
Noon, noon! if the sun gain the deeps,
And I reach not the city to free
My friend, he will perish for me!"

And wider and wider it flows,
And billow the billow devours,
And the moments have sped into hours,
And despair its wild valor bestows,
And the whirling waves over him close,
And he cleaves with strong arm through the waves,
And a God has compassion and saves.

He reaches and flies o'er the land,
And the God that delivered he blesses;
When out from the forest recesses
Springs a lawless and menacing band;
And a club arms each terrible hand.
Breathing murder, they bound on their prey,
And death stands to block up the way.

"What would ye?" he cried, pale with fear;
"No gold to enrich you I bring;
And my life I must take to the king!
I strike for a friend"—and he here
Snatched a club from the caitiff most near,
And three of his foes did he slay—
Fled the rest. Free again is the way.

Through the boughs glints the sun's setting ray,
All giant-like falls from the tree
The shadow it limns on the lea.
Two men in discourse pass his way,
And one to the other doth say,
As they rush like himself o'er the ground:
"Ere this to the cross he is bound!"

And his torture his vigor renews,
And despair wings the flying foot on,
And red in the fast-setting sun
Blaze thy domes from afar, Syracuse!
And now, as his path he pursues,
His steward, Philostratus, meets him.
With a shudder, his servant thus greets him:

"Back, back! thou canst rescue no more
The life of thy friend! Save thine own!
For the hour appointed is flown.
While we speak, must his sentence be o'er—
Still sure of thy coming, he bore
The taunts of the tyrant, unaltered;
And his trust in thy faith never faltered."

"Too late! Has it come to this end?
Too late, then, in life, if it be,
Haste, death, and restore him to me.
No tyrant that union can rend—
Boast that friend breaks his faith to a friend!
Let him learn by two deaths, how above
His sceptre are honor and love!"

He has passed through the gates. Sinks the day;
And the cross rises dark from the ground,
And the crowd gathers, gazing, around;
And the cords to the cross lift its prey.
Through crowd, through guard, bursts his way.
"Me, doomsman," he cries, "me, alone!
That life is redeemed—take my own!"

Amaze hushed the multitude there.
Both friends are embracing again,
Both weeping in joy and in pain,
And the crowd wept with them! To the king
The news and the marvel they bring,
And a human emotion comes o'er him,
And behold, where the friends stand before him,

Admiring he gazed—silent long,
Then spoke: "Noble victors, depart!
Ye have stormed, ye have conquered, this heart.
Truth is more than a dream and a song.
Pardon him who confesses his wrong.
Can the bond that unites you not be
Stretched wider? Oh, room there for three!"

THE AFRICAN MOTHER.

ON Afric's coast at morning dawn
A stately ship her sails unfurled,
And, bounding like a forest fawn,
The waves beneath her bowsprit curled.
So gaily o'er the deep she went
She seemed as by a spirit sent.

A crowd was on the sunny shore,
That watched the bark as on she sped,
And high above the surge's roar
Was heard the wail of souls that bled;
For, 'neath her decks she bore to sea
A hundred souls that once were free.

She was a ship from Cuba's strand,
And they, who friends and kinsmen mourn,
Were snatched from home and native land,
From all life's blessings rudely torn,
To toil, and waste, and bleed, and die,
Beneath a burning tropic sky.

In vain they plead, in vain they ask
One moment more their eyes to bless,
And but one more to live and bask
In friendship's ray and love's caress;
Their ruthless drivers raise the scourge,
And check, not stop, the heart's deep surge.

But there was one whose ceaseless moan
  Nor angry frown nor lash could quell;
From whom life's joys were ever flown,
  Who could not break affection's spell;
A mother she, who fondly pressed
Her infant to her straining breast.

"I cannot leave thee, O my child,
  To cold neglect and savage scorn;
Thou'lt perish in some dreary wild,
  My first, my best, my only born!
Oh, worlds could not repay to me,
The loss, my darling babe, of thee!"

She ceased, and nearer to her breast
  She drew her child with close embrace,
And gazed, and gasped, and then caressed,
  And poured her tears upon his face;
While he returned them all as erst,
And then it seemed her heart would burst.

"Oh, wilt thou not," she wildly cried,
  "My dearest infant take with me?
His soft embrace will cheer my ride
  Across the dark and foaming sea.
Ah! yes, I see the tear-drop start,—
I know thou canst not bid us part!"

But man knows not the golden chords
  That vibrate in a mother's heart
With harp-like tones, too sweet for words,
  That to her life a soul impart;
A music, even whose slightest breath
She ever hears, and feels till death.

Her cruel master bade her cease,
  And fiercely scourged her naked back;
But still her cries and tears increase,

Her very life-strings seem to crack!
"I cannot, will not cease," she sobbed,
"When of my child thus rudely robbed!

"Tell'st thou a mother to be still,
When all her dearest hopes are crushed?
Go, move yon everlasting hill,
Go, bid the howling winds be hushed,
Or tell the sea to cease its roar,
The breaking surf to quit the shore;

"But ne'er command a mother's breast
Its sigh to check, its sobs to quell;
The sun shall sink to endless rest
Ere thou canst break the holy spell
That binds a mother's heart! Go! go!
My hot tears will not cease to flow!"

She wept, she sighed, she prayed—in vain!
Her boy was from her bosom torn;
And she with burning, maddened brain,
Was swiftly to the slave-ship borne,
Still struggling for her tender child,
With shrieks that echoed through the wild.

At length, she stood upon the deck,
And gazed her last upon the shore,
And then her groans she could not check:
"My boy! I ne'er shall see thee more!"
Her master savage vengeance took
For that deep groan and parting look.

With cords her hands were tightly bound
And fastened to the blood-stained mast;
The lash descends, and from each wound,
Her youthful blood flows thick and fast;
Till, worn and weak, she feebly cried,
"My child! my only child!" and died.

NELLIE WALSH.

CHARLES BARNARD.

Monologue in two scenes, for a man.

[Platform should be set with two chairs at back. Reciter should wear evening-dress, and carry hat and cloak. Scene I. is supposed to take place in a drawing-room; Scene II. in a chamber. Time: Evening. The reciter enters and pauses. Places hat and cloak on one of the chairs. Business of appearing to look through door into another room in front.]

THE reception is in full blast. She said she knew these people and would certainly be here by half-past eleven. Very strange she should name such a late hour. She said she would be busy till eleven. The idea of such a sweet, spirituelle girl being busy till eleven! [*Business of entering drawing-room and of looking about.*] The usual thing—everybody talking as fast as possible. Nothing but the hope that I might meet Miss Walsh would have dragged me to this stupid woman's reception. [*Business of discovering lady of the house. Bow and smile. Speak aside:*] Oh, the mistress of the house! Suppose I must speak to her. [*To lady:*] Yes, so pleased—thank you. Your receptions are so—perfectly delightful. They are to be remembered—[*aside*] with horror. [*Direct:*] Ah, yes, there's your husband. I must have the pleasure of speaking to him. [*Cross to side. Aside:*] Tiresome old duffer! Talks of nothing but leather. [*Business of speaking to tall gentleman.*] Ah, evening; so glad. So many brilliant people present. Quite an honor to be here—assure you. Oh, no, no; I won't trouble you to do that. I know everybody here. [*Business of talking to short lady.*] Ah, charming evening. Yes, everybody here. Beg pardon. [*Business of avoiding lady's train.*] Excuse me. [*Aside:*] Horrid long train. [*Move to centre. Look about. Aside:*] I do not see her anywhere. I've only met Miss Walsh twice, and here I am waiting for her coming. There are two lovers in that corner. I hope I'll

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never behave like that. Ah, there she is! [*Business of pushing way through crowd of people up to back.*] Beg pardon—excuse me—so sorry. [*Pause suddenly; appear disappointed. Aside:*] Another girl with golden hair,—and not as beautiful as Nellie Walsh. Ah, we are to have music. [*Sit with resigned air in chair; listen to music with expression of weariness and disgust. Suddenly rise quickly, smile and bow.*] Yes, delighted, thank you. I always do so admire that waltz. Oh, yes. Certainly. I see—it was a polka. Dance! Oh, no, thank you, I never dance. Dancing is so tiresome. [*Aside:*] Oh, there's Nellie! Do excuse me I see a friend—I must speak to her. [*Pass through crowd.*] Please let me pass. Beg a thousand pardons. Kindly permit me to pass. Thank you. [*Pause. Aside:*] I can't stir a step—and there is to be more music. Flute solo. Oh, why did the ancients, who were reported to be so wise, why did they not cremate the inventor of flute playing. [*Assume attitude of resigned attention. Applaud with hands, but make no sound. Aside:*]

Thank goodness, that's over. There's Nellie—scarcely ten feet away, and such a crowd of ninnies round her I can't get near her. Bother! Here's the lady of the house again. [*Direct:*] Yes, thank you. I was looking for Miss Nellie Walsh. Oh, no, indeed; not the slightest danger. It is so kind in you to warn me, but, you see, I've met Miss Walsh. Isn't Nellie—I mean Miss Walsh—perfectly captivating. I heard her recite "Baby Mine" at our last church festival. Oh, no, really, I don't care much for professional entertainers, but she is such an exception, so young, so maidenly in her quiet dignity. Oh, dear, no! Now really you mustn't think for a moment that I am in love with her. Your warning is very kind, no doubt, but I'm safe, thank you. I shall not be so foolish as to think of making love. There, good-bye. She's coming. I must speak to her.

[*Business of pushing through crowd and speaking to lady.*] Oh, good evening. I've been trying to speak to you all the evening. Shall I get you some cream. Oh, certainly.

[*Business of pushing through crowd to back. Business of getting plate of cream, and of bringing it down through crowd.*]

Oh, no; it wasn't a bit of trouble. [*Appear surprised and horrified. Aside:*] Horrors! That lunatic struck my arm. I've dropped the cream on her shoulder. Now there will be a coolness between us. [*Offer own handkerchief.*] Take my handkerchief, Nellie. Oh, never mind. [*Aside:*] Happy handkerchief! I wish I could follow you. Gracious! How warm it is. My heart beats so fast it rattles my watch-chain. She must see I'm dead in love with her. If I ever should marry her she must retire from the platform. I could not have my darling Nellie stared at by a thousand people.

Oh, must you go! Take my arm, Miss Walsh. Let me see you to your carriage. What's that? Your carriage is on Broadway? [*Aside:*] What can she mean by that? [*Direct:*] Oh, no; it's only a pleasure. I know it's late. You must permit me to see you home—or at least, to your carriage. You know, Miss Walsh, I have been charmed with your recitations. They are so artistic, so spiritual, so sweetly girlish. [*Business of escorting lady to back, and of assisting her to put on cloak. Pick up hat and cloak.*]

Nellie, there is nothing I wouldn't do for this honor. I hope it is the beginning of a happy acquaintance. [*Business of going out with lady.*]

Scene II.

[*Reenter slowly with hat on back of head and coat on arm. Walk slowly. Appear very tired, gape, take out watch and begin to wind it up.*]

Half-past two! The divine Nellie's carriage was a cable-car. It just flew up to Ninety-third Street; but I managed to say several sweet things to her. She laughed and gave me her card. I have it safe in that precious handkerchief that touched her beautiful shoulder.

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[*Take out handkerchief and card. Read card:*] "Nellie Walsh, Elocutionist." Some day, my love, we will drop that "Elocutionist." As my wife, Nellie will be strictly a non-professional person. [*Read card:*] "Nellie Walsh." Sweet girl with Irish name. Sweet Nell! I'll change it for you, my dear Nell. [*Turn card over. Appear surprised.*] What's this? Something in pencil on the back of the card. [*Read back of card.*] "Come to dinner Sunday." Hurrah! She invites me to dinner Sunday. How shall I manage to live till Sunday? [*Read card.*] "Plain family dinner—mutton with caper sauce." [*Aside:*] I adore mutton—for two. What's this? [*Read:*] "Come early for I want"—Oh, I'll be there, dear Nell. [*Read.*] "I want you to meet—my husband." [*Crumple up card and throw it on floor. Business of lighting imaginary lamp. Exit with lamp, in sleepy and completely-disgusted manner.*"]

UNCLE'S EPH'S HEAVEN.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

KIN you tell dis pore ole darky jes' how fur 'tis to de sky?
An' de way I's got to trabel? 'Caze I 'spect I's gwine to die.
Kin you map out all de jou'ney, an' esplain it all to me,
Like I gwine out'n Georgia, ober dar in Tennessee?
Kin you tole me all aforetime 'zactly whar I gwine to go?
Fo' when I's dead, ole marster, how you 'spect I gwine to know?
Ef de sperit leave de body, whar de body gwine appeah?
Is de sperit gwine to take me, or gwine to leab me heah?

What's it like up dar in glory, whar de good folks go what dies?
In de gre't etarnal mansion way up yondah in de skies?
Is it like de ole plantation, de place whar I wah bo'n?

Does dey hab de watah-million, an' de cotton an' de cawn?
Does dey hab de sweet-pertater, an' de possum an' de coon?
Kin you go out dar a-huntin', in de glimmer ob de moon?
Does dey gadder roun' de cabin wid de banjo on de knee?
Ef it's like to ole Verginny, den it's heav'n enough fo' me!

I done hear de cullud parson, in his sanctermonous tones,
Say de walls wah made ob jaspah, an' de gates ob precious stones;
Say dey got no use fo' silber, mus' be di'mon's, pearl, an' gol'.
I reckon he done guessin'. What he know about de soul?
Says de fruit is eberlastin' all along de gol'en street;
Don' you t'ink dat sawt ob pavement gwine hurt Uncle Ephr'am's feet?
Radder hab de grassy meadow, an' de good ole-fashion' tree,
Like we had in ole Verginny; den it's heav'n enough fo' me.

When I done lose my color, does you reckon I turn white?
Den dey say: "Ole Uncle Ephr'am, he done gone an' got a fright!"
Ef I's white like dat dar image ob de angel on de shelf,
De Lawd he wouldn' know me—'spect I wouldn' know myself.
How you 'spect I wear dat garmint an' all dem sort ob t'ings?
I's a heap too ole for flyin'; how you 'spect I look wid wings?
Ef I done go a-harpin' an' wear dat gol'en crown,
Someone comes erlong what knows me—calls ole Uncle Ephr'am down.

All I wants is jes' git in dar, in thoo de kitchen do';
Waitin' on de Lawd an' Marster, wouldn' awsk fo' nothin' mo';
Takin' car' about de hosses, keep de cattle out'n de cawn;
Playin' wid de little chillun, little chillun on de lawn.
Dar's heaps ob chillun yondah knows ole Uncle Ephr'am well;
An' de Kingdom's full ob chillun I done heah de parson tell;

An' when dey heahs my fiddle, gwine to gadder roun' my knee,
Like dey did in ole Verginny; dat's de heav'n I wants to see!

I's been tryin' to l'arn ezactly what de Christian ought to do;
Dat's why I's been, ole marster, all dese years a-watchin' you.
I knows you's bonn' git in dyah 'caze you's been so good an' kin',
An' I hates to go an' leab you—leab you waitin' heah behin'.
I sees you's gettin' drowsy; now befo' you gwine asleep,
Won' you please to tell ole Ephr'am 'bout de Shepherd an' de sheep?
Tole dat story 'bout de sheepfol', an' about de sheepfol' bin,
Whar de white sheep an' de black sheep gwine to be all gaddered in.

Wharfo' you git so sleepy ev'y time I bresh you' hyar?
Hol' up you' head, ole marster, else you gwine fall out'n de chyar!
Sleepin' wid yo' eyes wide open? What's up dar you gazin' at?
Why, what's de matter, marster?—never seed you look like dat!
'Fo' de Lawd I t'inks you dyin'! No! no! marster, don' you go
An' leab yo' pore ole Ephr'am watchin', waitin', heah below!
Does you see de angels comin', dat yo' face is turn' so white?
Bress de Lawd, I sees you smilin' like you foun' de way all right!

Père: "Young man, before you think of marrying my daughter, just reflect upon what it costs to keep a wife in good style."

Oliviere: "Oh, that's all right. I've done something more difficult than that."

Père: "What, pray?"

Oliviere: "Kept four of my sister's bicycles in repair—"

Père: "That will do, my son. Take her and be happy. She's extravagant, but—"

CUPID'S ARROWS.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

ONCE upon a time there lived at Simla, India, a very pretty girl, the daughter of a poor but honest district and sessions judge. She was a good girl, but could not help knowing her power and using it. Her mamma was very anxious about her daughter's future, as all good mammas should be.

When a man is a commissioner and a bachelor and has the right of wearing open-work jam tart jewels in gold and in enamel on his clothes, and of going through a door before everyone except a member of council, a lieutenant-governor or a viceroy, he is worth marrying. At least, that is what ladies say. There was a commissioner in Simla in those days who was, and wore, and did, all I have said. He was a plain man—an ugly man—the ugliest man in Asia, with two exceptions. His was a face to dream about and try to carve on a pipe-head afterward. His name was Saggott—Anthony Bar-Saggott and six letters to follow. Departmentally, he was one of the best the government of India owned. Socially, he was like a blandishing gorilla.

When he turned his attentions to Miss Beighton, I believe that Mrs. Beighton wept with delight at the reward Providence had sent her in her old age. Mr. Beighton held his tongue. He was an easy-going man.

Now, a commissioner is very rich. His pay is beyond the dreams of avarice, is so enormous that he can afford to save and to scrape in a way that would almost discredit a member of council. Most commissioners are mean, but Barr-Saggott was an exception. He entertained royally. He horsed himself well, he gave dances, he was a power in the land, and he behaved as such.

Consider that everything I am speaking of took place in an almost prehistoric era in the history of British India. Some

folk may remember the years before lawn tennis was born when we all played croquet. There were seasons before that, if you will believe me, when even croquet had not been invented, and archery was as great a pest as lawn tennis is now. People talked learnedly about "holding" and "loosing," "reflexed bows," "fifty-six-pound bows," "backed" or "self yew bows," as we talk about "rallies," "volleys," "smashes," "returns," and "sixteen-ounce rackets."

Miss Beighton shot divinely over ladies' distance—sixty yards, that is—and was acknowledged the best lady archer in Simla. Men called her "Diana of Tara-Devi."

Barr-Saggott paid her great attention, and, as I have said, the heart of her mother was uplifted in consequence. Kitty Beighton took matters more calmly. It was pleasant to be singled out by a commissioner with letters after his name, and to fill the hearts of other girls with bad feelings. But there was no denying the fact that Barr-Saggott was phenomenally ugly, and all his attempts to adorn himself only made him more grotesque. He was not christened the "Langur"—which means gray ape—for nothing. It was pleasant, Kitty thought, to have him at her feet, but it was better to escape from him and ride with the graceless Cubbon—the man in the dragoon regiment—the boy with a handsome face and no prospects.

Kitty liked Cubbon more than a little. He never pretended for a moment that he was anything less than head over heels in love with her, for he was an honest boy. So Kitty fled, now and again, from the stately wooings of Barr-Saggott to the company of young Cubbon, and was scolded by her mamma, in consequence.

"But, mother," she said, "Mr. Saggott is such—such a—is so fearfully ugly, you know!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Beighton, piously, "we cannot be other than an all-ruling Providence has made us. Besides, you will take precedence of your own mother, you know. Think of that and be reasonable."

Then Kitty put up her little chin and said irreverent things

about precedence, commissioners, and matrimony. Mr. Beighton rubbed the top of his head, for he was an easy-going man.

Late in the season, when he judged that the time was ripe, Barr-Saggott developed a plan which did great credit to his administrative powers. He arranged an archery tournament for ladies, with a most sumptuous diamond-studded bracelet as prize. He drew up his terms skilfully, and everyone saw that the bracelet was a gift to Miss Beighton, the acceptance carrying with it the hand and the heart of Commissioner Barr-Saggott. The terms were a St. Leonard's round—thirty-six shots at sixty yards—under the rules of the Simla Toxophilite Society.

All Simla was invited. There were beautifully-arranged tea-tables under the deodars, and, alone in its glory, winking in the sun, sat the diamond bracelet in a blue velvet case. Miss Beighton was anxious—almost too anxious—to compete.

On the appointed afternoon, all Simla rode down to witness the judgment of Paris turned upside down. Kitty rode with young Cubbon, and it was easy to see that the boy was troubled in his mind. Kitty was pale and nervous and looked long at the bracelet. Barr-Saggot was gorgeously dressed, even more nervous than Kitty, and more hideous than ever.

Mrs. Beighton smiled condescendingly, as befitted the mother of a potential commissioneress, and the shooting began.

Nothing is so tedious as an archery competition. They shot, and they shot, and they kept on shooting, till the sun left the valley, and little breezes got up in the deodars, and people waited for Miss Beighton to shoot and win. Cubbon was at one horn of the semicircle round the shooters and Barr-Saggott at the other. Miss Beighton was last on the list. The scoring had been weak, and the bracelet, plus Commissioner Barr-Saggott, was hers to a certainty.

The commissioner strung her bow with his own sacred hands. She stepped forward, looked at the bracelet, and her

first arrow went true to a hair—full into the heart of the "gold"—counting nine points.

Young Cubbon on the left turned white, and his devil prompted Barr-Saggott to smile. Now, horses used to shy when Barr-Saggott smiled. Kitty saw that smile. She looked to her left front, gave an almost imperceptible nod to Cubbon and went on shooting.

I wish I could describe the scene that followed. It was out of the ordinary and most improper. Miss Kitty fitted her arrows with immense deliberation, so that everyone might see what she was doing. She was a perfect shot, and her forty-six-pound bow suited her to a nicety.

She pinned the wooden legs of the target with great care four successive times. She pinned the wooden top of the target once, and all the ladies looked at each other. Then she began some fancy shooting at the white, which, if you hit it, counts exactly one point. She put five arrows into the white. It was wonderful archery; but, seeing that her business was to make "golds" and win the bracelet, Barr-Saggott turned a delicate green like young water-grass. Next, she shot over the target twice, then wide to the left twice—always with the same deliberation—while a chilly hush fell over the company, and Mrs. Beighton took out her handkerchief. Then Kitty shot at the ground in front of the target and split several arrows. Then she made a red—or seven points—just to show what she could do if she liked, and she finished up her amazing performance with some more fancy shooting at the target supports. Here is her score as it was pricked off: "Miss Beighton—Gold, 1; red, 1; blue, 0; black, 0; white, 5; total hits, 7; total score, 21."

Barr-Saggott looked as if the last few arrowheads had been driven into his legs instead of the target's, and the deep stillness was broken by a little snubby, mottled, half-grown girl saying in a shrill voice of triumph, "Then I've won!"

Mrs. Beighton did her best to bear up, but she wept in the presence of the people. No training could help her through such a disappointment. Kitty unstrung her bow with a

vicious jerk and went back to her place, while Barr-Saggott was trying to pretend that he enjoyed snapping the bracelet on the snubby girl's raw, red wrist. It was an awkward scene—most awkward. Everyone tried to depart in a body and leave Kitty to the mercy of her mamma. But Cubbon took her away instead, and—the rest isn't worth speaking of.

TRICKSEY'S RING.

ALICE CARY.

[By permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.]

O WHAT a day it was to us,—
My wits were upside down,
When Cousin Joseph Nicholas
Came visiting from town!

His curls they were so smooth and bright,
His frills they were so fine,
I thought perhaps the stars that night
Would be ashamed to shine.

But when the dews had touched the grass,
They came out, large and small,
As if our cousin, Nicholas,
Had not been there at all!

Our old house never seemed to me
So poor and mean a thing
As then, and just because that he
Was come a-visiting.

I never thought the sun prolonged
His light a single whit
Too much, till then, nor thought he wronged
My face by kissing it.

But now I sought to pull my dress
  Of faded homespun down,
Because my cousin, Nicholas,
  Would see my feet were brown.

The butterflies—bright, airy things—
  From off the lilac buds
I scared, for having on their wings
  The shadows of the woods.

I thought my straight and jet-black hair
  Was almost a disgrace,
Since Joseph Nicholas had fair,
  Smooth curls about his face.

I wished our rosy window-sprays
  Were laces, dropping down,
That I might think we knew the ways
  Of rich folks in the town.

I wished the twittering swallow had
  A finer tune to sing,
Since such a stylish city lad
  Was come a-visiting.

I wished the hedges, as they swayed,
  Were each a solid wall,
And that our grassy lane were made
  A market-street withal.

I wished the drooping heads of rye,
  Set full of silver dews,
Were silken tassels all to tie
  The ribbons of my shoes!

And when, by homely household slight,
  They called me Tricksey True,
I thought my cheeks would blaze, in spite
  Of all that I could do.

Tricksey! That name would surely be
  A shock to ears polite;
In short,—I thought that nothing we
  Could say or do was right.

For injured pride I could have wept,
  Until my heart and I
Fell musing how my mother kept
  So equable and high.

She did not cast her eyelids down,
  Ashamed of being poor;
To her a gay young man from town
  Was no discomfiture.

She reverenced honor's sacred laws
  As much, aye more, than he,
And was not put about because
  He had more gold than she;

But held her house beneath a hand
  As steady and serene
As though it were a palace,
  And as though she were a queen.

And when she set our silver cup
  Upon the cloth of snow
For Nicholas, I lifted up
  My timid eyes, I know;

And saw a ring, as needs I must,
  Upon his finger shine.
Oh, how I longed to have it just
  A minute upon mine!

I thought of fairy folk that led
  Their lives in sylvan shades,
And brought fine things, as I had read,
  To little rustic maids.

wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to accept the baronet's invitation to dinner, not doubting that my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity. But, alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory* when unsupported by habitual practice.

As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, in bringing my left foot back to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's ideas exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was

about, and (as I supposed) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; when lo! instead of books, a board which by leather and by gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a china inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm. I saw the ink streaming on the Turkey carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were informed that dinner was served.

In walking to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat between Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes.

Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immedite supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black-silk trousers were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewed in a boiling caldron. Recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toes, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amid the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt cellar. Rather let me hasten to the second course where fresh disasters quite overwhelmed me.

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I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Friendly begged me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding, hot as a burning coal, into my mouth. It was impossible to conceal my agony,—my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the heat, and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness. But oh! how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which he filled my already flayed and blistered mouth. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes—and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters, for the measure of my shame. Their diversion, however, was not yet complete. To relieve myself from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon and covered all my features with streaks of ink. The baronet himself could not support the shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh, while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace.

MATCHED to the author of a noble theme
Is he who best conveys its meaning.

HAGAR.

ELIZA POITEVENT NICHOLSON.

[From the *Cosmopolitan* by permission of Mr. John Brisben Walker.]

GO back! How dare you follow me beyond
The door of my poor tent? Are you afraid
That I have stolen something? See! my hands
Are empty, like my heart. I am no thief!
The bracelets and the golden finger-rings
And silver anklets that you gave to me,
I cast upon the mat before my door,
And trod upon them. I would scorn to take
One trinket with me in my banishment
That would recall a look or tone of yours,
My lord, my generous lord, who sends me forth,
A loving woman, with a loaf of bread
And jug of water on my shoulder laid,
To thirst and hunger in the wilderness!

Go back! Go back to Sara! See! she stands
Watching us there, behind the flowering date,
With jealous eyes, lest my poor hands should steal
One farewell touch from yours. Go back to her,
And say that Hagar has a heart as proud,
If not so cold, as hers; and though it breaks,
It breaks without the sound of sobs, without
The balm of tears to ease its pain. It breaks—
It breaks, my lord, like iron—hard, but clean—
And breaking, asks no pity. If my lips
Should let one plea for mercy slip between
These words that lash you with a women's scorn,
My teeth should bit them off, and I would spit
Them at you, laughing, though all red and warm with blood.
"Cease!" do you say? No, by the gods
Of Egypt, I do swear that if my eyes

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Should let one tear melt through their burning lids,
My hands should pluck them out; and if these hands,
Groping, outstretched in blindness, should by chance
Touch yours, and cling to them against my will,
My Ishmael should cut them off, and, blind
And maimed, my little son should lead me forth
Into the wilderness to die. Go back!

Does Sara love you as I did, my lord?
Does Sara clasp and kiss your feet, and bend
Her haughty head in worship at your knee?
Ah! Abraham, you were a god to me.
If you but touched my hand, my foolish heart
Ran down into the palm, and throbbed, and thrilled,
Grew hot and cold, and trembled there; and when
You spoke, though not to me, my heart ran out
To listen through my eager ears and catch
The music of your voice and prison it
In memory's murmuring shell. I saw no fault
Nor blemish in you, and your flesh to me
Was dearer than my own. There is no vein
That branches from your heart, whose azure course
I have not followed with my kissing lips.
I would have bared my bosom like a shield
To any lance of pain that sought your breast.
And once, when you lay ill within your tent,
No taste of water or of bread, or wine
Passed through my lips; and all night long I lay
Upon the mat before your door to catch
The sound of your dear voice, and scarcely dared
To breathe, lest she, my mistress, should come forth
And drive me angrily away; and when
The stars looked down with eyes that only stared
And hurt me with their lack of sympathy,
Weeping, I threw my longing arms around
Benammi's neck. Your good horse understood
And gently rubbed his face against my head

To comfort me. But if you had one kind,
One loving thought of me in all that time,
That long, heart-breaking time, you kept it shut
Close in your bosom as a tender bud
And did not let it blossom into words.
Your tenderness was all for Sara. Through
The door, kept shut against my love, there came
No message to poor Hagar, almost crazed
With grief lest you should die. Ah! you have been
So cruel and so cold to me, my lord;
And now you send me forth with Ishmael,
Not on a journey through a pleasant land,
Upon a camel, as my mistress rides,
With kisses and sweet words, and dates and wine,
But cast me off, and sternly send me forth
Into the wilderness with these poor gifts—
A jug of water and—a loaf of bread—
That sound was not a sob; I only lost
My breath and caught it hard again. Go back!
Why do you follow me? I am a poor
Bondswoman, but a woman still, and these
Sad memories, so bitter and so sweet,
Weigh heavily upon my breaking heart
And make it hard, my lord—for me to go.
"Your God commands it?" Then my gods, the gods
Of Egypt, are more merciful than yours.
Isis and good Osiris never gave
Command like this, that breaks a woman's heart,
To any prince in Egypt. Come with me
And let us go and worship them, dear lord.

Leave all your wealth to Sara. Sara loves
The touch of costly linen and the scent
Of precious Chaldean spices, and to bind
Her brow with golden fillets, and perfume
Her hair with ointment. Sara loves the sound
Of many cattle lowing on the hills;

And Sara loves the slow and stealthy tread
Of many camels moving on the plains.
Hagar loves you. Oh! come with me, dear lord.
Take but your staff and come with me. Your mouth
Shall drink my share of water from this jug
And eat my share of bread with Ishmael;
And from your lips I will refresh myself
With love's sweet wine from tender kisses pressed.
Ah! come, dear lord. Oh! come, my Abraham.
Nay, do not bend your cold, stern brows on me
So frowningly; it was not Hagar's voice
That spoke those pleading words.
Go back! Go back!
And tell your God I hate Him, and I hate
The cruel, craven heart that worships Him
And dares not disobey. Ha! I believe
'Tis not your far-off, bloodless God you fear,
But Sara. Coward! Cease to follow me!
Go back to Sara. See! she beckons now,
Hagar loves not a coward. You do well
To send me forth into the wilderness,
Where hatred hath no weapon keen enough
That, held within a woman's slender hand,
Could stab a coward to the heart. I go!
I go, my lord; proud that I take with me
Of all your countless herds by Hebron's brook,
Of all your Canaan riches, naught but this—
A jug of water and a loaf of bread.
And now, by all of Egypt's gods, I swear
If it were not for Ishmael's dear sake,
My feet would tread upon this bitter bread,
My hands would pour this water on the sands,
And leave this jug as empty as my heart
Is empty now of all the reverence
And overflowing love it held for you.
I go! But I will teach my little Ishmael
To hate his father for his mother's sake.

His bow shall be the truest bow that flies
Its arrows through the desert air; his feet
The fleetest on the desert's burning sands.
Aye! Hagar's son a desert prince shall be,
Whose hand shall be against all other men;
And he shall rule a fierce and mighty tribe,
Whose fiery hearts and supple limbs will scorn
The chafing curb of bondage, like the fleet
Wild horses of Arabia.
I go! But like this loaf that you have given me,
So shall your bread taste bitter with my hate;
And like the water in this jug, my lord,
So shall the sweetest water that you draw
From Canaan's wells taste salty with my tears.

Farewell! I go, but Egypt's mighty gods
Will go with me, and my avengers be,
And in whatever distant land your God,
Your cruel God of Israel, is known,
There, too, the wrongs that you have done this day
To Hagar and your first-born, Ishmael,
Shall waken and uncoil themselves, and hiss
Like adders at the name of Abraham.

"TOO MANY CHILLUN, PA?"

IS us too many chillun, pa? Us don't count but eight.
I heard you say to ma last night a wolf was at the gate,
En you didn't know what to do, nor how to keep him out;
That jes' one man can't fight a wolf with so many chillun about.

En when you had gone to bed I thinked 'til I couldn't sleep,
So I jes' slipt to the window-blind en took a teensy peep.
The moon was shining jes' as bright, so I could see as plain,
No big, lean wolf was waiting there to worry you again.

En then you told ma some more 'bout no money for clothes,
En life was full of what you said was a poor man's wants en' woes;
But, pa, don't worry any more, I'll tell you what I know;
Ef us is too many chillun, pa, one of us can go.

You know Miss Brown what rides past here with them horses, black and fat,
En nobody to sit by her 'cep'n' a dog, ugly at that?
Well, as I comed from town to-day, a-boging down the lane,
She stopped the carriage, called me in, en then drove on again.

She asked if us didn't get tired, a-walking way to town,
How many of us was at home, en if your wages was down,
En if I had a nice sharp knife, en plenty of cake to eat,
Or any better clothes at home, en why I was bare feet.

En then she said her house was big, always just as warm,
En cake en good things wasting there, out on her nice, fine farm.
If I'd come to be her boy, she'd dress me up so fine,
En let me straddle a pony white that would be all mine.

I thought to-day, I tell you, pa, mebbe it would be best
To let me go en be her boy, en share some with the rest.
Benny could ride my pony white, I'd fetch you cake each day,
Will could wear my bestest clothes, en—what is that you say?

What! I couldn't call you pa, nor play any more with Pete?
She wouldn't let Will wear the clothes, nor you bring cake to eat?
Whew! I'm awful glad you spoke. Miss Brown must find another.
I'll stay en help you fight that wolf, away from the chillun en mother.

IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

HUGH [*on furlough*]. HELEN [*his cousin*].

HELEN. They have not come! And ten is past,—
Unless, by chance, my watch is fast.
Aunt Mabel surely told us "ten."
HUGH. I doubt if she can do it, then.
In fact, their train—
HELEN. That is,—you knew.
How could you be so treacherous, Hugh?
HUGH. Nay, it is scarcely mine, the crime;
One can't account for railway-time!
Where shall we sit? Not here, I vote,—
At least, there's nothing here of note.
HELEN. Then *here* we'll stay, please. Once for all,
I bar all artists—great and small!
From now until we go in June
I shall hear nothing but this tune:
Whether I like Long's "Vashti," or
Like Leslie's "Naughty Kitty" more;
With all that critics, right or wrong,
Have said of Leslie and of Long.
No. If you value my esteem,
I beg you'll take another theme;
Paint me some pictures, if you will,
But spare me these, for good and ill.
HUGH. "Paint you some pictures!" Come, that's kind!
You know I'm nearly color-blind.
HELEN. Paint, then, in words. You did before;
Scenes at—where was it? Dustypoor?
You know.
HUGH [*with an inspiration*]. I'll try.
HELEN. But mind their pretty,
Not "hog hunts."

HUGH. You shall be committee,
And say if they are "out" or "in."
HELEN. I shall reject them all. Begin.
HUGH. Here is the first: An antique hall
(Like Chanticlere) with paneled wall.
A boy or rather lad. A girl,
Laughing with all her rows of pearl
Before a portrait in a ruff.
He, meanwhile, watches—
HELEN. That's enough,
It wants "*verve*," "*brio*," "breadth," "design."—
Besides, it's English. I decline.
HUGH This is the next. 'Tis finer far:
A foaming torrent (say Braemar);
A pony, grazing by a boulder,
Then the same pair, a little older.
Left by some lucky chance together.
He begs her for a sprig of heather—
HELEN. "Which she accords with smile seraphic."
I know it,—it was in the *Graphic*.
Declined.
HUGH. Once more, and I forego
All hopes of hanging, high or low:
Behold the hero of the scene,
In bungalow and palanquin—
HELEN. What! all at once! But that's absurd,
Unless he's Sir Boyle Roche's bird!
HUGH. Permit me. 'Tis a panorama,
In which the person of the drama,
Mid Orientals dusk and tawny,
Mid warriors drinking brandy pawnee,
Mid scorpions, dowagers, and griffins,
In morning rides, at noon-day tiffins,
In every kind of place and weather,
Is solaced by a sprig of heather. [*More seriously.*]
He puts that faded scrap before
The "rajah" or the "Kohinoor."

He would not barter it for all
Benares, or the Taj-Mahal.
It guides, directs his every act,
And word, and thought—in short—in fact—
I mean—[*Opening his locket.*]
Look, Helen, that's the heather!
(Too late! Here come both aunts together.)

HELEN. What heather, sir? [*After a pause.*]
And why "too late?"
Aunt Dora, how you've made us wait!
Don't you agree that it's a pity
Portraits are hung by the committee?

CRIPPLED JOE.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

YES, lady, that one strip of blue
Is all I've seen of God's great sky.
Somteimes the round-faced moon looks through
And smiles and nods, and hurries by.
Beyond the window is a place
Where, once a day, the sun looks down.
I reach my hand across the space,--
See how his lips have kissed it brown!
The dear warm sun, he comes to me,
To fill my little world with light!
How glorious the hills must be,
Since my one corner is so bright.

This is my flower. I've never seen
The meadows gay with golden bloom,
But just this little spot of green
Brings meadow gladness to my room.
Ben brings me treasures ev'ry day:
Those pretty pictures on the wall,

This broken vase, that bit of clay,—
  I can't begin to tell you all.
I see the big world through his eyes—
  Such beautiful and wondrous things;
He's like a book, so good and wise,
  He's like an angel when he sings.

Enough to eat? Yes, lady, we
  Have such good suppers ev'ry night
When Ben comes home, but sometimes he
  Don't seem to have much appetite.
'Most always there's an orange peel
  For dessert, or an apple core;
Sometimes a whole one, round and real.
  What could a fellow ask for more?

I'm happy, for God bids me stay
  Right here with Ben. It's better so,
For I have all I need each day,
  And know all that God gives to know.
My sky might never seem so blue,
  My blossom never seem so sweet,
If once I saw the grander view,
  Or meadow blossoms kissed my feet.
If once I ran like other boys
  My crippled feet would taunt me then.
I do not care for outdoor joys,
  It is enough that I have Ben.

You say that you've adopted Ben—
  He's such a grand, good boy—and he
Sent you up here to find our den!
  And me, too—you've adopted me?
And there are whole skies full of blue
  For us, and meadow blossoms sweet;
Whole oranges and apples, too,
  And some great man will cure my feet!

I've watched for angels to come through
  My window, like the soft-winged air;
I've kept it wide for *them*, but you
  Came up the creaking, dusty stair.
I've thought of heaven until it seemed
  I almost understood its worth,
But I have never thought, nor dreamed,
  That God would send it down to earth.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

MRS. HENRY ROSCOE.

"COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
  To the butterfly's ball and the grasshopper's feast.
The trumpeter gad-fly has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you!"

So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry companions came forth in a throng;
And on the smooth grass by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages had stood,

Saw the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
For an evening's amusement together repair;
And there came the beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the emmet, his friend, on his back.

And there was the gnat, and the dragon-fly, too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue;
And there came the moth, with his plumage of down,
And the hornet in jacket of yellow and brown;

Who with him the wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting;
And the sly little dormouse crept out of his hole
And brought to the feast his blind brother, the mole.

And the snail, with his horns peeping out of his shell,
Came from a great distance the length of an ell.
A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a table-cloth made.

The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the bee brought her honey to crown the repast.
Then close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The frog from a corner looked up to the skies.

And the squirrel, well pleased such diversions to see,
Mounted high overhead and looked down from a tree.
Then out came the spider, with finger so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line.

From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then quick as an arrow he darted along;
But, just in the middle—oh! shocking to tell—
From his rope, in an instant, poor harlequin fell.

Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.
Then the grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing;

He took but three leaps and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.
With steps so majestic the snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet dance.

But they all laughed so loud that he pulled in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.
Then, as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
The watchman, the glow-worm, came out with a light.

"Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me,"
So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry companions returned in a throng.

A CHARIOT-RACE IN THE TIME OF CHRIST.

EDGAR SALTUS.

[By permission of the author.]

'THREE to one on Scarlet!"

Throughout the brand-new circus were the eager-ess, gesticulations, shouts, and murmurs of an impatient ırong. On a ledge above the entrance, stood a man, a strip of lk extended in his finger-tips. Beneath, on either side, were ates. About him were series of ascending tiers, close-packed, ıd brilliant with multi-colored robes and parasols. The sand f the track was very white. Where the sunlight fell, it had ıe glitter of broken glass. In the centre was a low wall. At ne end were pillars and seven great balls of wood, at the :her seven dolphins, their tails in the air. The uproar ıounted in unequal vibrations and stirred the pulse. The air 'as heavy with odors, with the emanations of the crowd, the .oy of myrrh. Through the exits whiffs of garlic filtered 'om the kitchens below, and with them, from the exterior rcades, came the beat of timbrels, the click of castanets.

"They are off!"

The strip of silk had fluttered and fallen, the gates flew pen, there was a rumble of wheels, a whirlwind of sand, a ell that deafened, and four tornadoes burst upon the track.

They were shell-shaped, and before each, six horses tore breast. Between the horses' ears were swaying feathers. 'heir manes had been dyed clear pink, their forelocks puffed, nd as the horses bounded, the drivers, standing upright, had ıe skill to drive but not the strength to curb. The reins 'ere tied about their waists, and everything they wore—'aistcoat, short skirt, and ribbons—was of one color, scarlet, ellow, emerald, or blue; and this color, repeated on the car nd the harness, distinguished them from those with whom ıey raced.

Already the had circled the hippodrome four times. There were but three more rounds, and Scarlet, who in the beginning had trailed applause behind him as a torch trails smoke, now lagged a little to the rear. The green was leading, but its leadership did not seem to please. It was cursed at and abused, and threatened with naked fist; yet when, for the sixth time, it turned the terminal pillar, a shout that held the thunder of Atlas leaped abroad. Where the yellow car, pursued by the blue, had been was now a mass of sickening agitation—twelve fallen horses kicking one another into pulp, the drivers already brained. Down upon that barrier of blood and death swept the scarlet car. In a second it veered and passed, but in that second a flash of steel had cut the reins, and as the car swung round the driver was tossed to the track. What befell him there no one cared. The car itself, unguided, continued vertiginously on its course. If it had lagged before, there was no lagging now. The hoofs that beat upon the ring plunged with it through the din down upon Emerald, and beyond to the goal.

BARBARA BLUE.

ALICE CARY.

[By permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.]

THERE was an old woman named Barbara Blue,
But not the old woman who lived in a shoe
And didn't know what with her children to do.

For she that I tell of lived all alone,
A miserly creature as ever was known;
And had never a chick nor a child of her own.

She kept very still, some said she was meek;
Others said she was only too stingy to speak;
That her little dog fed on one bone for a week.

She made apple-pies, and she made them so tart
That the mouths of the children who ate them would smart;
And these she went peddling about in a cart.

One day, on her travels, she happened to meet
A farmer who said he had apples so sweet
That all the town's-people would have them to eat.

"And how do you sell them?" says Barbara Blue.
"Why, if you want only a bushel or two,"
Says the farmer, "I don't mind to give them to you."

"What! give me a bushel?" cries Barbara Blue,
"A bushel of apples, and sweet apples, too!"
"Be sure," says the farmer, "be sure, ma'am, I do."

And then he said if she would give him a tart
(She had a great basketful there in her cart),
He would show her the orchard, and then they would part

So she picked out a little one, burnt at the top,
And held it a moment, and then let it drop,
And then said she hadn't a moment to stop,
And drove her old horse away, hippity hop!

One night when the air was all blind with the snow,
Dame Barbara, driving so soft and so slow
That the farmer her whereabouts never would know,

Went after the apples, and avarice grew
When she saw their red coats, till, before she was through,
She took twenty bushels instead of the two!

She filled the cart full and she heaped it a-top,
And if just an apple fell off she would stop,
And then drive ahead again, hippity hop.

Her horse now would stumble and now he would fall,
And where the high river-bank sloped like a wall,
Sheer down, they went over it, apples and all.

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Ghost Dance. 35c. Any number. Book has also "Witches' Dance," "Spook March" and "Goblin Parade," and contains 166 pages of Hallowe'en entertainment material. WR31.

Gipsy Fantasy. 35c. Drill and dance. 15 min. 6f. Gipsy costume. Tambourines needed. May be used as "Tambourine Drill." WMjan01. 6 photographs.

Goblin Parade. 35c. Any number. Book has also "Witches' Dance," "Ghost Dance," and "Spook March," and contains 166 pages of Hallowe'en entertainment material. WR31.

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Hatchet Drill. 25c. 15 min. 16m. Washington costume. Hatchets needed. Boy recites the well-known hatchet story. WMjan96.

Hiawatha Entertainments. 35c. Has "Indian Drill and Dance" and "Bow and Arrow Drill," and gives Hiawatha entertainment for full evening.

Homage to the Flowers. 50c. In "Messages in Many Voices." Children's drill with flower scarfs for any number. Same book contains "Wedding March of the Flowers" and "Fairy Dance."

Hoop Drill. 75c. In "Artistic Work." 12 photographs. Same book contains eight other drills.

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